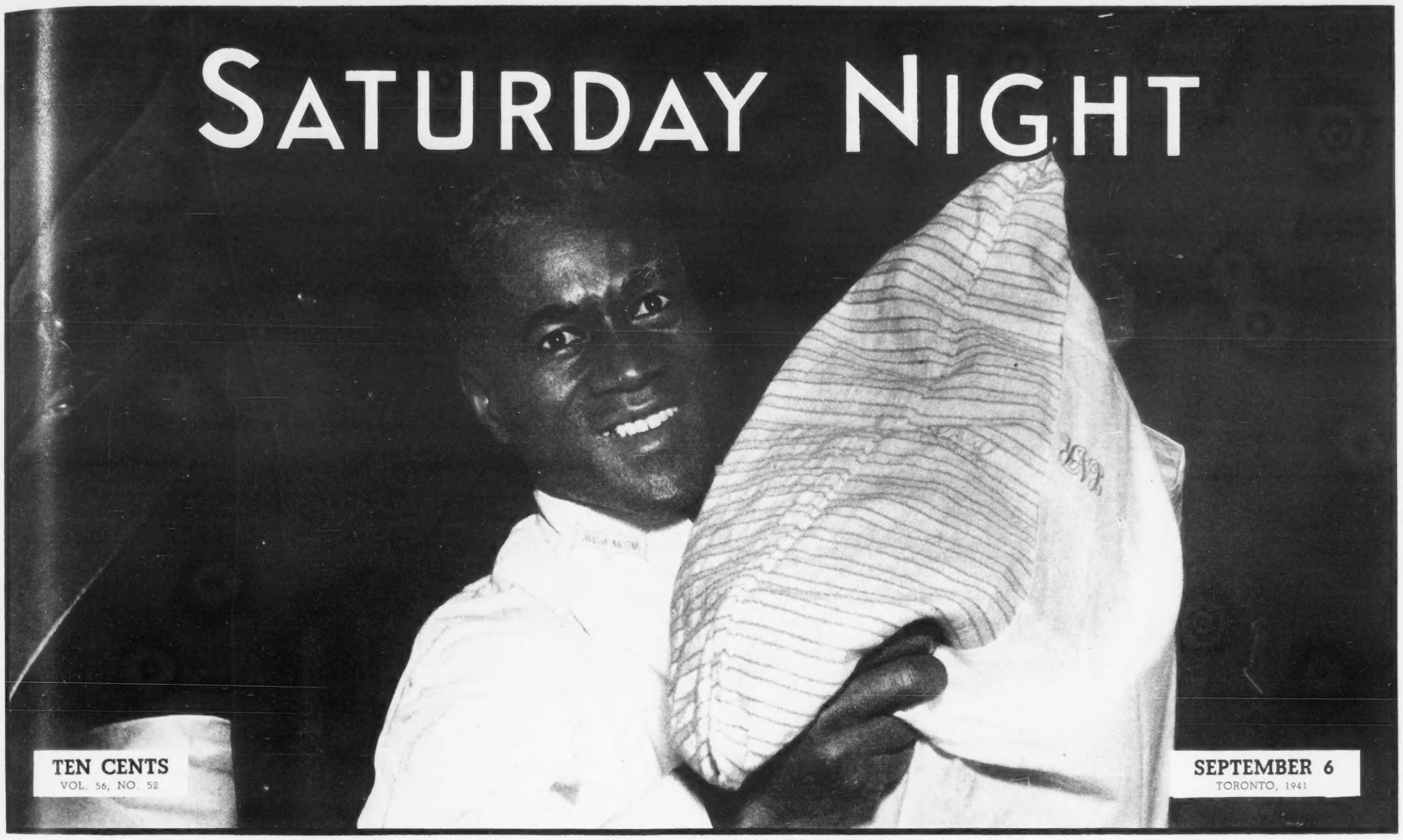
How to Sell War to United States

By an American in R.A.F.---Page 11



YAS SUH! "GEORGE" TO MILLIONS OF TRAVELLERS, A PORTER ON ONE OF CANADA'S BOOMING RAILROADS, MAKES UP A BERTH. SEE PAGE 5

THE FRONT PAGE

WE DO not in the least envy those high Ottawa officials whose duty it is to see that prices do not rise higher than the Government thinks they ought to rise in the interests of the national war effort. In the old days of the Mississippi steamboats, when two rival vessels were trying to beat one-another's speed from New Orleans to Memphis, the captains were accustomed to instruct the heftiest available negro to sit on the safety-valve while the stokers piled cordwood into the furnace in the effort to raise the utmost possible head of steam. The method was all right so long as the steam pressure did not exceed the resisting power of the boilers; but unfortunately it very frequently did, with disastrous results not only to the negro but also to the whole ship's company. The Ottawa price controllers seem to us to be in precisely this position. The Government is determined to raise all possible steam-pressure — metaphor for the output of national energy—for the prosecution of our war effort; and quite rightly so, for our objective is considerably more important than the mere beating of a rival in a race upstream. But a fairly large amount of price rise, like the increase of the pressure in the boilers, is the inevitable result of burning more of the fuel of national productive effort; and the attempt to prevent that price rise entirely is quite likely to lead to the blowing up of the boilers.

As a matter of fact we do not think that in this case the negro is heavy enough to keep the safety-valve from functioning, at least to a considerable extent. What we are afraid of is a persistent refusal of producers to produce, and of marketers to market, the articles which are held by the price controllers at a price below the real cost of production.

In this connection we feel impelled to point out one of the evil results of not dealing frankly with the public and telling it the real reasons for certain government policies. It is pretty well understood by economists and political scientists that the interest of the Canadian Government in unemployment insurance at the present moment is largely due to the fact that it enables the Treasury to become temporarily the possessor of a huge amount of the public's money by what is in one aspect an enforced government loan. But for this element of the situation it is highly improbable that Canada would have embarked upon a system so enormously costly in both money and skilled clerical labor. But the people from whom this enforced loan is being extracted neither understand nor appreciate the Government's reasons for taking money out of their pay cheques; and the result is incidents like that at Arvida, in which the unemployment insurance deduction was clearly an important factor in causing the sudden and emphatic resentment of the workers.

Another Reichstag Fire?

IS THE Affaire Laval destined to go down into history as the French Reichstag Fire? This question comes forcibly into the mind as one surveys the scene following the attempted assassination of Pierre Laval and Marcel Déat. Examine the background and the effects. The parallel is there almost to the method. In Berlin there was Van der Luebbe. In Paris we have Paul Colette. The Reichstag Fire gave the Nazis the pretext for ruthlessly attacking the opposition. The attack on Laval is utilized by Vichy and the Germans for the same purpose.

One can not get away from the impression that it was a "coup magnifique" for Pétain. There was no love lost between the aged Marshal and Darlan on the one hand and Laval and Déat on the other. The latter pair were bitter, uncompromising critics of the Vichy regime, demanding greater collaboration with the Nazis, also feeling, no doubt, that the reins of power had been stolen from them. To eliminate this pair was the obvious dream of Pétain and Darlan. But to do so in a masterly fashion, while obtaining the pretext for a reign of terror against the anti-Nazis—that would indeed be wonderful.

Whether the attempt was prepared by Colette or by others in higher places is immaterial. For Pétain it was a master-stroke. A single blow eliminated two opponents; afforded the pretext for shedding crocodile tears over the late lamented in the name of "unity"; afforded a further pretext for shooting and beheading the oppositionists; and provided a "legal" point of contact with the invader (hated by the populace) for joint action.

It is so much like that cinema's New York gangster who bumps off his enemy at night and goes to his funeral the next day, weeping and sending the most ostentatious bouquet.

Much as we may sympathize with the point of view of a Colette, we cannot get away from the conviction born of experience that individual terror is a weapon of an unorganized, desperate, isolated group, which is often inspired by *agents provocateurs*. Not individual terror, but a mass wave of strikes, demonstrations, sabotage will shake the foundations of Nazi and Vichy rule in France.

Irony or Serious?

THE fundamental ideas of Nazism are so irreconcilably at variance with all those which have formed the basis of Christian civilization as it has developed in the last two or three hundred years, that when they are put forward by writers who are not Germans but who are living and writing under the German yoke it is almost impossible to tell whether the result is a serious attempt to expound Nazism, a mere effort to please the temporary master, or an ironical tongue-in-the-cheek performance intended to show, by sheer pushing through to logical conclusions, the appalling nature of the whole doctrine which is being ostensibly defended. Take for example the article entitled "Magistrates and Bourgeois Justice" by Victor Matthijs in *Le Pays Reel* in occupied Brussels:

"The notion of justice as it is applied in this country is an after-birth of the French Revolu-

(*Continued on Page Three*)

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

		Page
The Future of the C.C.F.	**F. Andrew Brewin**	**8**
Canadian Air Too Full of Talks	**Frank Chamberlain**	**16**
"The Compleat Wangler"	**W. Sherwood Fox**	**25**
What Not to Do with a Defeated Germany	**Jack Anders**	**10**
Selling the War to the Americans	**American in R.A.F.**	**11**
War All Round the World	**Willson Woodside**	**12**
Lacrosse and Other Newsy Items	**Kimball McIlroy**	**13**
Russian Women at War	**Nils Bergen**	**19**
Scientific Planning and Unscientific Muddle	**P. O'D.**	**20**
THE BUSINESS FRONT		
Rent Control and the Building Industry	**Francis Flaherty**	**26**
Truly a New World	**P. M. Richards**	**26**
International Trade After the War	**Gilbert C. Layton**	**32**

PEOPLE *make news*

H.R.H. The Duke of Kent is greeted by Mayor La Guardia at La Guardia Field, New York, where he landed en route to Washington to pay a visit to President Roosevelt. Back in Canada last week, the Duke narrowly averted a motor accident near St. Thomas, Ont., when he swerved away from a truck.

Back in the U.S. last week was Gracie Fields, idol of the British stage, to be greeted by her producer - director husband Monte Banks. She has been singing to soldiers in Great Britain.

Vidkun Quisling, Fuehrer of the Nazi-appointed government of occupied Norway, pictured as he addressed Norwegian storm troopers last week in Oslo. Norwegians are in ill-disguised revolt against the Nazis who keep Quisling in power by force.

Shah Reza Pahlavi of Iran who, early last week was reported to have received a pledge of aid from Hitler if the Shah's forces resisted the Russo-British Army for one month. When resistance folded in 4 days, he is said to have (1) fled (2) been seized.

Australian-born Harry Bridges, boss of the United States' West Coast Longshoremen, who is in New York awaiting a decision in the action of the Department of Justice which seeks to deport him. Bridges is holding a microphone which he claims the Federal Bureau of Investigation used to record conversations in his New York hotel room and to tap his telephone wire. Once before the FBI investigated Bridges on the grounds that he was subversive. He has been described as a "citizen who caused . . concern in National Association of Manufacturers".

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Troudeaus and Shapiros

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN A recent issue Pauline C. Shapiro writes that she is a tired woman. She has borne two children and is tired of "washing diapers" and of babies' bottles. She has had "enough poverty" and seems to think that someone, other than her husband and herself, should provide ease for her and "a birthright of good food and good surroundings" for her children.

She exclaims at the enormous effort spent by Canadians on the war and finds proof therein that, after the war, she should be aided in her motherly vocation by someone presumably, the government of Canada. Also, she threatens—unless there is more pay and less work—that she will strike; she, and women like her, will cease to reproduce themselves.

Madame Marie Troudeau lives on a rented farm in this village of Quebec. She has borne and brought up nine strong and healthy children. She wonders whether Mrs. Shapiro would call Troudeau farm-food and surroundings "good."

The birthright of the Troudeau children lies in their parenthood and in the promise that by the sweat of his brow man shall live. The eldest child is nineteen, the youngest is three. As opportunity calls, they and their parents find constant occupation, at school or at home, on the farm or in earning a wage. A son will be a priest. A daughter, who keeps milk and egg accounts, becomes a clerk. So far the younger children, like their parents, prefer farming.

The Troudeaus support themselves and are certain that others can and should do as they do; self-respect forbids acceptance of charity, and local opinion is contemptuous of those who depend for their living upon the unearned bounty of a government job or dole.

Marie and Joseph Troudeau know that their children are their own sufficient reward; in Quebec children are at once their parents' security and pride.

Marie marvels that a mother can think her baby to be more trouble than it is worth; still, she reflects, "these city English women sometimes manage badly and are flat-chested." For herself, if a baby is trained properly, soon diapers do not need washing; if a son is nursed until he can drink from a cup, he uses no bottle.

Joseph says he pays taxes to save Canada from Hitler; he won't do so to support other people's children.

Both Troudeaus think that it will be splendid if Mrs. Shapiro does strike; then, within a generation, Troudeaus no longer will pay taxes for the support of Shapiros.

At elections, the Troudeaus poll twelve votes; mine goes with theirs! They draw milk from cows, not cheques from editors for slickly-written nonsense!

Somewhere in Quebec. C. H. CLARK.

Thank You Once

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

JUST in case any person should believe that all English children are the type of those "Thank you twice for nothing" evacuee children.

We have a small nine-year-old nephew in Sussex, England. His mother has died, his father is in the army, his young uncles both in the R.A.F., so he lives alone with his grandmother. She is rather helpless, and when the air war began to get very thick last summer she became alarmed over Bernie's safety. Whenever the siren wailed he would be away down town doing a bit of shopping for tea, or at school, or out down street playing, and she felt she could not care for him in this danger, although she insisted on staying at her town house herself to keep the home for her sons on their leaves. She wrote to us asking if we could take Bernie to our home in Canada.

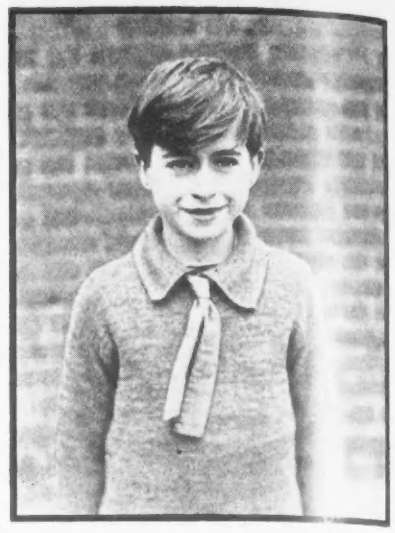
We cabled back: "Send at once," and waited in vain for his arrival here.

When the cablegram arrived in England they read it to Bernie. He said; "No, thank you. No, I will not go and leave my Granny." When the family all insisted that he go he wept aloud, he lay on the floor and would not eat all day. At last they gave up in despair and said he might stay, which he did with delight.

"Canada is all right for wee kiddies, but not for a fellow nine years old that has a Granny to mind."

Cannot you just fancy seeing him walking down the Carfax swinging his shoulders as proper soldiers do "in England now."

W——, Ont. *E.T.C.*



This is Bernie, who stayed in Sussex and isn't an evacuee. He refused to leave England because Canada is no place for a nine-year-old boy "with a Granny to mind". (See column 1.)

Honor and Christianity

One of the most inspiring minds among the younger writers of France is Monsieur G. Bernanos, several of whose works are well known in this country both in French and in English. No more poignant expression of the soul of France in the present tragic state of that country has reached Canada than this letter, which was received a few weeks ago, and which is even more eloquent in its original language than any translation can render it.

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

FRANCE is losing its soul; France is in the hands of a sort of men whose sly, devious casuistry is utterly foreign to the conscience and even to the genius of the land; the masters of France today are men of the same spirit, the same origin, the same blood, as those who sent Joan of Arc to the stake at Rouen; France is in the hands of the "Pharisiens." And thus France is doing what she has never done before; for even if she has on occasion blasphemed Truth, she has never before delivered up Truth bound and helpless to her enemies; she has never before pretended to honor the letter in order the more utterly to betray the spirit.

For years past we have sought here and there and everywhere for the men who were responsible for the decline of Christianity, but we have never found them, because we were seeking them outside of Christianity when they were really on the inside. It is the mediocre Christians, the mediocre priests, who are betraying the world—the smug, sanctimonious Christians ("chrétiens béats") who are also the "beati possidentes" (blessed owners of possessions). The crumbling of France has brought them suddenly out of their shadow. They are the mediocre, who to save the rest are selling bit by bit the honor of my country. Let not their mediocrity serve as their excuse! There is much less to be feared from the man without shame, than from the man whose conscience survives perverted and falsified. The great villainies of history were not committed by the great villains of history, but by the weak and the powerless.

. . . And they are not acting thus out of ignorance. They know very well the nature of the true Christian order; they learned it in the religious schools from which they nearly all graduated. Incapable for many years past of restoring that order, that is to say of accepting the necessary sacrifices, they have come knowingly to desire the defeat of France, first because they have come to detest a nation which would have nothing to do with them and loved them not, but still more because that defeat permitted them, by putting them in power, to bring our people face to face with a *fait accompli*, to subject them to the necessities imposed by an overwhelming force; because thus the moral bankruptcy of the French élite was absorbed, engulfed in the gigantic general bankruptcy of the entire nation. Even so does a commercial bankrupt set fire to his shop to avoid the necessity of turning his goods over to his creditors. They have gone bankrupt, and Herr Hitler is for the moment their assignee, it is of Herr Hitler that they demand the privilege of the commercial bankrupt, an advantageous settlement. And while they await that settlement they hasten to put into effect an improvised system of law which is supposed to be inspired by the same Christian principles which the Hitlerian Revolution has sworn to abolish!

O my friends so far away, this, this is the cry that my heart is uttering! The dominion of Hitler will perish as others have perished; the world will restore all that the world has lost of its material goods. But the conscience of the world—there is something that only a miracle can save. Already two of the most illustrious Christian states of Europe, Italy and Spain, have put at the service of pagan realism the spiritual values of which they were not the owners but merely the trustees, since they are the common property of all human beings. This must come to an end. Honor must be restored among men, no matter what the cost. Honor must be restored by Christians, Honor must be made Christian once more. We must prevent at all costs that inconceivable disaster, the divorce between honor and heroism in the minds of a young generation which is being led astray into fanaticism. Though its churches be the finest in the world, its clergy the most opulent, its privileges the most extensive, yet a Christianity without honor is nothing—nothing.

G. BERNANOS.

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THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

tion and the declaration of the Rights of Man. That is enough to prove that this notion is bad. The present notion of Justice appeals to every individual; it does not take into account the basis itself and the characteristic of the new age: the popular community. So often in our law courts, the sacred rights of the defence are invoked. Our code puts the emphasis on the rights of the defence, which means the rights of the individual and, finally, the rights of the criminal; but the revolution of the twentieth century will stress the rights of the community and the duties of the individual. It is evident that a new conception of justice should correspond to this new conception of social life, and that this new notion of justice should consecrate the principle of the pre-eminence of the popular community, for the totalitarian state could not, without betraying itself, permit that certain domains, especially those of such great importance as the judiciary, should remain uninfluenced by its ideas."

In the case of the Germans, in whom the power of self-identification with the mystical entity which they call the German state is astonishingly great, one is not surprised to find a certain number of people accepting this as a tolerable doctrine, especially when it is accompanied by the assurance that it will make the Germans the masters of the entire world. But Belgians can have no such prospect in view for their own state, no matter how many totalitarian revolutions they may achieve. What mystical reward can Mr. Matthijs be holding out, if he is really serious, to his fellow-Belgians—each of whom is after all a Man before he is a Belgian—in compensation for the abandonment of the French Revolution idea that Man has Rights which even the State should not take away from him?

The Gold Standard

IT IS refreshing to come across a writer who still firmly believes in the gold standard and looks for its restoration in a happier day when the Totalitarian State is as obsolete as the gold standard seems now. Mr. W. Redelmeier, an able Amsterdam banker now resident in Canada, has written, for a Canadian and American public, a small volume entitled "The Gold Standard" (MacLean, Toronto, $1), the proceeds of whose sale are being turned over to the Toronto War Hospitals Committee; and a more succinct account of the relation between a self-operating monetary standard and a system of political freedom we have never seen.

Mr. Redelmeier makes the interesting point that an international gold standard *can* be operated by a single country, provided that it has a very large share of international trade and exerts on its financial and fiscal policies with a view to that trade; for the money of that nation will then be used in the great majority of international trade and credit transactions no matter whether it have a fixed rate of exchange with the countries making these transactions or not.

He appears to assume, and perhaps rightly, that as between two rival currencies each claiming to be the better medium for international trade, the one which is most securely based upon gold is sure to win the major share of the transactions—unless "The Nazis succeed in sabotaging gold (which is a mental process)." This is an important qualification; for money is the one thing of value which cannot be judged by the satisfactions which it affords in itself, but only by the opinion which other people have of it. We buy fish-and-chips or caviar because we like them and can afford them; we give up things of value in exchange for money only because we are sure that others will take our money at the same valuation, not because we like it ourselves.

The efforts of the Germans to sabotage gold—of which they have none—have been very ably directed. They will not cease until they are either rendered impossible of continuance by defeat, or rendered unnecessary by victory and the acquisition of a large part of the gold stock. In the latter event they are quite likely not to cease at all; for if they win the Germans propose to establish a system of world trade (if trade it can be called) in which they will set the relative values of everything that is bought and sold by anybody anywhere in the world. They speak of the "tyranny" of the gold system, but when it was operating effectually the gold system produced a "natural" exchange valuation between different commodities, whereas the Germans will impose an artificial valuation established to suit their own best interests, accompanied by a process of dictation to the rest of the world as to what shall be produced and what consumed in each of its areas, a tyranny inconceivably more burdensome to every nation except Germany.

It is however difficult to get the full value out of a nation's productive powers by keeping it in a state of slavery, and it is highly possible that this ideal German system might not work well even after a complete German victory. In that event the Germans would not hesitate to fall back upon the gold standard, though only after possessing themselves of most of the gold. Their objection to it, like most of their other doctrines, has no philosophic basis; it is a practical one. From 1935 onwards the Germans were seeking, not to carry on a legitimate international trade, but to rearm at a terrific pace and as much as possible at the expense of other people. They needed enormous quantities of imports, and their armament effort left them no surplus productive power for the production of goods for export. Without exports you cannot acquire gold, unless you can mine it at home. It was convenient to blame the gold standard for the hardships which were actually the direct result of the preparations for a murderous assault upon the liberties of all the rest of the world.

GAPING MAW

A Growing Industry

THOSE who like to watch the progress of infant industries in Canada should be gratified at the statistics just released by Dr. Coats on the growth of the number of divorces in this Dominion. Divorce was very much of an infant industry up to 1921, when for the first time the divorces granted exceeded 500. In 1932 they passed the 1,000 mark, and remained above it thereafter except for 1933. In 1938 they passed the 2,000 mark, and are apparently likely never to fall below that level again unless there is a radical change in the morals of the population; the preliminary estimate for 1940 is 2,369.

Wives now obtain an increasing majority of the current divorces. Prior to 1924 the majority were granted upon the application of husbands, but there is reason to fear that this was not because the marital behavior of wives was less satisfactory than that of their spouses, but rather because there was more reluctance on the part of wives to bring the erring spouse into the courts. That reluctance is plainly dying down; wives obtained almost two thirds of the divorces of 1940. This however is nothing compared with the condition in the United States, where they obtain nearly three quarters of the total. Divorced persons appeared to have no difficulty in getting re-married, and the total number of divorcees who re-married in 1939, the last year for which figures are obtainable on this point, was almost exactly the same as the number of divorcees. Divorced males get married a little more readily than divorced females, but not enough to get excited about.

In Canada in 1939 there was one divorce for every fifty marriages, but the regular proportion is really higher than that, because in that year there was a tremendous rush to get married on account of the war. In England there has usually been about one divorce for eighty marriages, but in 1938 it rose to one for sixty. In the United States of course the ratio is enormously higher, and as far back as 1932 there was one divorce for every six marriages. Dr. Coats says that no statistics of divorces in the U.S. have been published since that year, from which we are inclined to conclude that the Americans may be getting ashamed of themselves.

Troudeaus and Shapiros

MR. C. H. CLARK, who writes in "Dear Mr. Editor" in reply to a recent article by Pauline C. Shapiro, has so good a case that he should not spoil it by injustice. The Troudeaus of whom he writes have the good fortune to live in what we may term a "natural" economy, that is to say an economy in which children are never much of liability and speedily become an asset. It is basically an agricultural economy, and it has nothing in common with the industrial economy of which the Shapiros are members. A farmer can train his children to do little jobs that are helpful to his farming from the time they are eight or nine years old, and up to that time their food is a by-product of his operations and costs him practically nothing. The iron-moulder and the furniture-maker, working in a great industrial establishment, are in no such position. There is nothing that their children can do under their own supervision to increase the family income; and if they send them out to work they will probably get into some dead-end occupation like that of a delivery boy. Anyhow the state does all it can to discourage such children from entering remunerative employment.

There is another important consideration. The Troudeaus are always sure of a livelihood. They may have better times and poorer times, but they will never starve or be dependent upon charity. The iron-moulder and the furniture-maker may at any time find themselves thrown out of their iron-moulding and furniture-making by something over which they have no control and which is described as a depression. The state is developing a system for looking after them for a few weeks or months during such a depression, but Mr. Clark would no doubt describe that system (inaccurately, we think) as one by which Troudeaus pay taxes for the support of Shapiros. But even with this mitigation, a depression is bound to be depressing to people who have been thrown out of work; and we fancy that the more children you have the more depressing it becomes.

THE PASSING SHOW

A TAX-BURDENED British peer complains that the only decent suit he has left is his Coronation robes. His choice, clearly, lies between the fig-leaf and the strawberry leaves.

•

Naturalists report that some birds have already left this country for the winter. Not, of course, the birds who used to leave for Florida at the first frost.

•

C.N.E. officials have denied that their supply of pink taffy-wool has been commandeered to knit comforts for the troops.

•

A BALLAD OF FRENCH DESTINY

(Or the true facts of the recent attempt to assassinate M. Pierre Laval)

There was a man named Pierre Laval
  Who played a dirty game;
And as He must to such as he
  At last The Assassin came;
'Laval,' says he, 'you come with me;
  To chaps like you I'm partial';
Into His bag He popped the swag,
  And sought the aged Marshal.

But Petain once had honor known,
  And Death had him forgotten,
Therefore The Assassin passed him by,
  Though foolish, old and rotten;
But while He dallied with Petain,
  The Devil seized the chance, sir,
Laval to drag out of the bag
  And cast him back on France, sir.

•

Further proof that we are winning the battle of the Atlantic is provided by the fact that Newfoundland fishermen report that they get better catches when they use ersatz bait.

•

Some members of the London Auxiliary Fire Service are in Canada, exhibiting paintings done by themselves. Water-colors, naturally.

•

Pointing out the indifference of the world to the Nazi danger before the war, an American statesman recently said that he had found a bookworm in the copy of *Mein Kampf* which belongs to the Library of Congress. He neglected to add, however, that the animal had got through the first 25 pages and had stuck there.

•

It should be remembered that even the best-regulated army must want to boo somebody sometime, and that it is against K.R. & O. to boo the sergeant major, besides being very unwise.

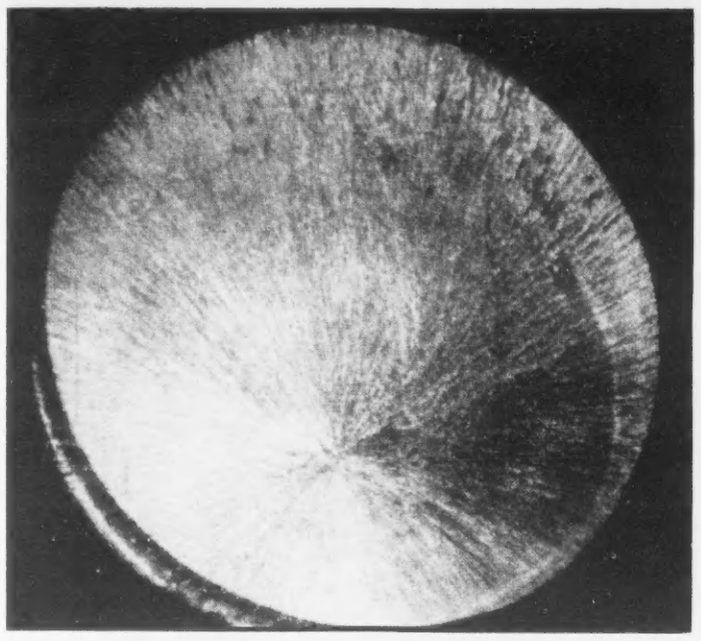
•

THE NEW SELF-CULTURE

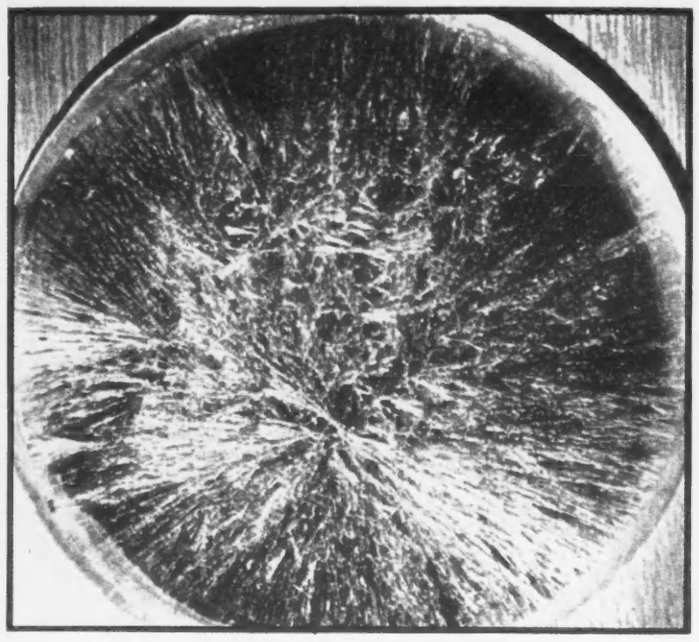
Observations made of the pupils of a public school show that the mentally backward pupils excel in physical culture.—Guelph *Mercury*.

I am glad that someone took up the study
  of the dunderpate or lummox,
And proved that he is directly related to the
  tribe that goes in for early morning toe
  wiggling, deep breathing, and romping on
  their stomachs.
In fact, it can be shown that those who give
  undue attention to the anterior trapezius
  and adductor femoris
Have very poor memories;
And those who stretch the latissimus dorsi,
  gracilis, or rhomboideus
Look as a result of it positively anthropoid-ious;
Which may be the reason that college boys
  who toss cabers, or hammers, or the discus
Are covered with whiskers
Which grow all over their chests and arms and
  legs and make them look more like a bison
Than a Rho-dammit-Rho son or a Sigma Chi
  son.
So next time you feel like leaping out of bed
  to do a daily dozen,
Reflect that the ape is a cousin
Who may have got that way from stretching,
  and swinging, and thumping his chest:
So isn't it best
To stay right where you are in a comfortable
  haziness,
Pondering, if anything, that this is Self Improvement, not laziness?

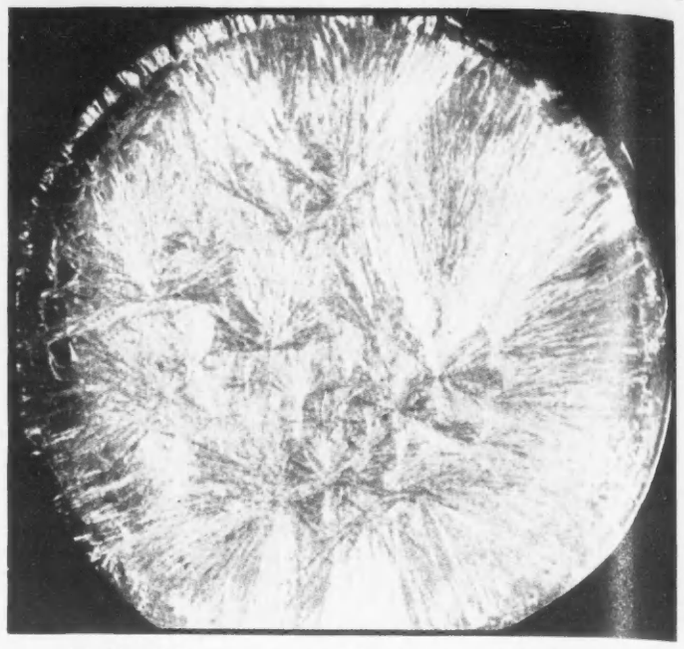
STUART DAVIDSON HEMSLEY.



1. Copper Chloride (20%), plus human blood



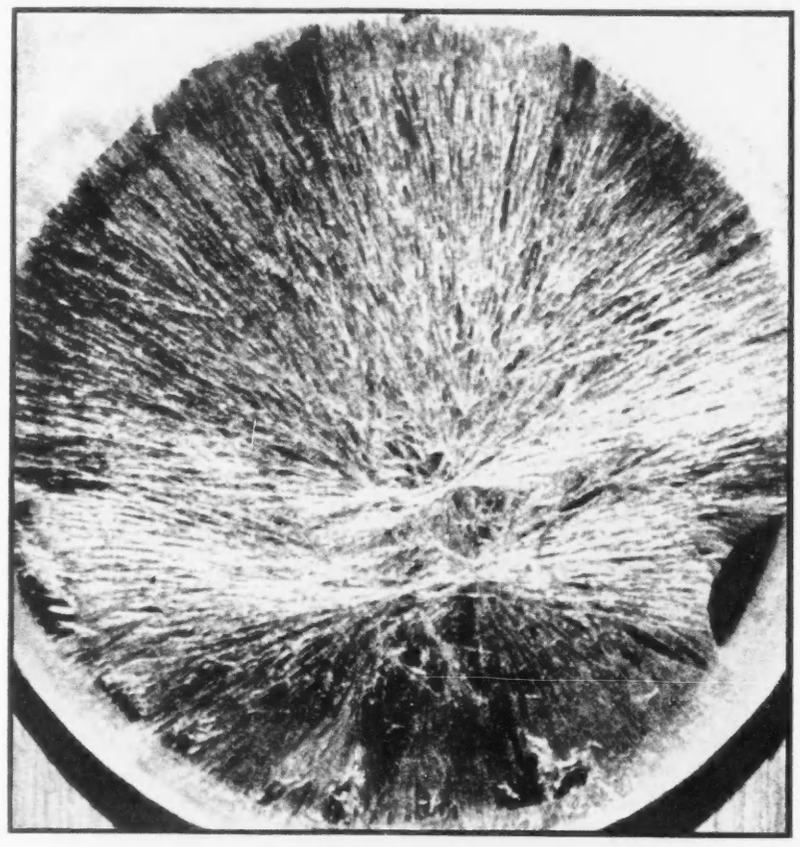
2. Blood from patient with pulmonary Tuberculosis



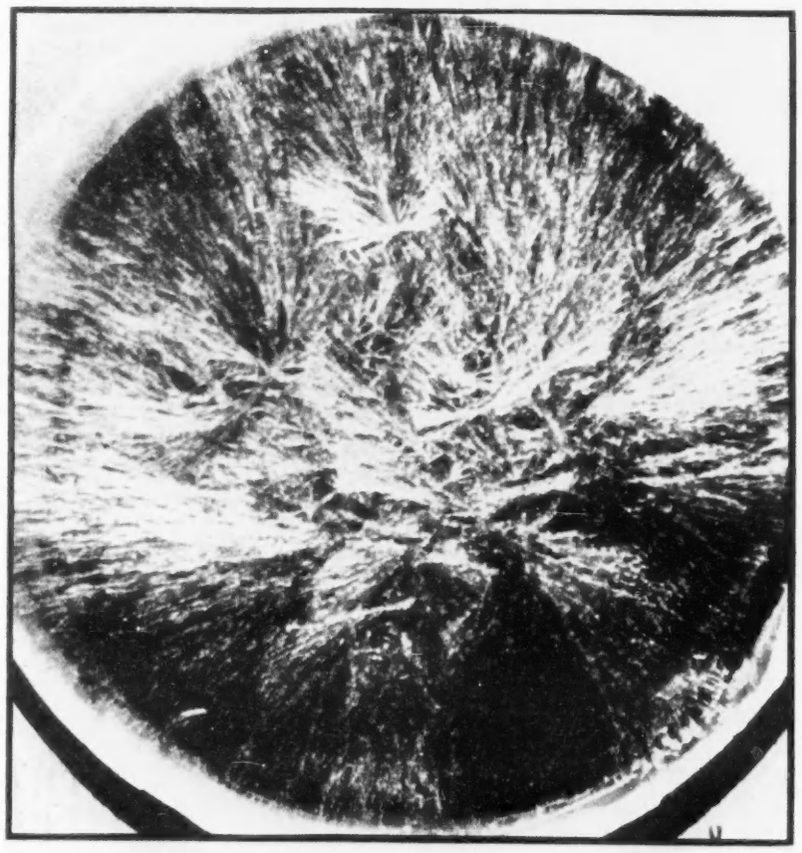
3. Blood from patient with cancer of the stomach

Disease May Be Defeated in the First Round

BY STEWART C. EASTON



4. Blood from patient with cancer of the larynx



5. Same blood as in above plate, plus tomato juice

A FEW weeks ago Wessely Hicks described in SATURDAY NIGHT the advances that have been made in Toronto towards the cure of cancer. Cancer, he stated, can be cured—if only it can be diagnosed in time. Yet, so far as I know, there is not a single doctor, and not a single hospital in Canada that is using the Pfeiffer technique of diagnosis through blood crystallization, which can detect symptoms long before there is any physical sign of the disease.

Few things are more certain than that this is the method of diagnosis of the future, for it can detect not only cancer, but tuberculosis, asthma, stomach ulcers, various mental afflictions and almost every disease under the sun, quite painlessly and quite infallibly, once the rather difficult technique has been acquired. Little about the method has so far appeared in print, and many doctors still have not heard of it. The reason can only be that it is so far outside the field of orthodox scientific research that it is easily dismissed as mere quackery. Yet up to this time the few fully qualified doctors making use of it have had no less than 100% success in diagnosis.

The theory behind the technique originated with the late Dr. Rudolph Steiner who pointed out the existence of certain formative forces which are operative throughout the whole of nature. Bio-dynamic farming is the fruit of experiments with these forces in one direction. The blood crystallization technique of diagnosis associated with the name of Dr. Ehrenfied Pfeiffer, who undertook the practical experiments, is another.

A Unique Discovery

As a child he tells how he had been interested in the characteristic forms of snow flakes, but it was Rudolf Steiner who remarked that the same forms were to be found in human and animal blood, the sap of trees, and minerals in solution. After lengthy experiments carried out at the Department of Natural Science of the Goetheanum in Dornach, Switzerland, Dr. Pfeiffer discovered that a solution of water and blood, when added to ten parts of pure copper chloride solution, and poured out on to a specially cleansed glass plate and kept absolutely free from all vibration, crystallizes in from 14 to 18 hours. Certain characteristic formations then become visible. Only from three to six drops of blood from the middle finger of the patient's left hand are required.

It was found that the plate showing the crystallization of a human being in normal health has a centre of gravity visible about two thirds way down the circle, and rays branch off from this in a regular manner to meet the circumference. (Picture 1, above.) But as soon as the human being suffers from any disease, even in an incipient form, irregularities begin to appear in these rays.

Many of the diseases which ravish mankind can be held in check in individual cases if a correct diagnosis can be made in time.

Here is a new method of diagnosis by blood crystallization for which great successes have been claimed. It is the Pfeiffer method.

The section of the circle in which these irregularities appear corresponds to a certain part of the body. On the right, just above the centre, is the zone of the liver. The zone of the lungs is to the right and left of the centre of gravity. The sexual organs are at the top centre, the stomach left centre just beyond the lungs, and the head zone beneath the centre of gravity at the bottom of the circle. Diseases of certain organs are shown by irregularities throughout the whole circle. Thus cancer of the rectum was correctly diagnosed in one case because the irregularity was in the zone of the sex organs but did not show the characteristics of bladder or prostate gland trouble, because in such a case the whole picture would have been altered.

Even in one instance where the diseased limb had already been amputated the cancerous condition appeared in the blood and thus in the crystals. From other indications it was clear that a serious physical injury had been suffered, so that the diagnosis of probable amputation was proffered. In this case the doctor who read the plate had never seen the patient.

Each disease carries with it its characteristic forms. In the case of tuberculosis the crystals appear shaped rather like a Maltese Cross. In the case of cancer the crystals are bunched up like sheaves. There is no mistaking these signs, and they appear as soon as the patient is afflicted, long before any ordinary medical diagnosis could be sustained.

Every Known Disease

The method has had to be studied entirely empirically. Naturally it was not known in advance what forms the crystallizations would take. But by careful experimentation in cases where the medical diagnosis was already known, almost every known disease has now been studied.

At the time of my last information only four out of a huge total were still obscure. Even strange nervous diseases can be detected in the blood. One of the most curious results appeared during the study of schizophrenia. It was found that there were two separate centres of gravity in the one plate, each with its own radiations, thus confirming the term in common use, "split personality," in a quite definite way.

If this method of diagnosis, which requires an extraordinary care and precision in its application, ever comes to be widely accepted, as I am certain that it must, so also will other far reaching possibilities begin to be seen. Without having to experiment either on the patient himself or on any other living creature, the effect of different medicaments can be tested.

It was for instance found that mistletoe, which itself is, in a sense, a cancer of the tree, when crystallized, possesses the characteristic cancer formations. Yet, when an extract of mistletoe, specially prepared, was applied and diluted to the 28th potency, to the blood of a patient with cancer, the characteristic shapes disappeared and the blood took on almost its normal formation. This at least makes out a prima facie case for the probability that when this medicine is administered to the patient, the same normalizing process will set in. This of course does not mean that the patient will be cured and other methods will not be necessary, but it does at least show the beginning of a healing process. I think it can justifiably be assumed that in the absence of counterbalancing destructive forces, which, of course, are always there, a full cure would be effected.

Irritants Shown

Every medicine may be tested in this way, before ever it is administered to the patient. If the crystals become normal, then the medicine may be presumed to be beneficial. If not, then continuous tests can be made until something is found. Equally can it be shown what forms of food aggravate the condition. Picture 5, left, shows the cancer form of Picture 4, aggravated by the addition of tomato juice.

The whole technique requires great perseverance and meticulous accuracy, but when did our research workers in Canada lack these qualities? There is no difficulty about starting. Anyone can learn who is prepared to devote his time and his skill. Every test that is made adds more to our knowledge of health and disease and each step forward marks a definite move towards a well defined goal, unlike too much of our present day research, which can at any time lose its value through later discoveries. Dr. Pfeiffer would be the last to claim that the services of the ordinary doctor will ever be outmoded. But the first requisite in the cure of a disease is correct and early diagnosis. After that, let them use whatever means lie to their hand, X ray, radium, surgery, or medicine. Research workers, doctors and scientists are required in one field no less than the other.

"It Happened One Night" On An Ontario Train

"George, the porter . . . no misapprehension where his interests lie"

"The less vocal ones have taken over the smoker . . . ."

". . . the little girl . . . weary and restless"

". . . he was dozing with his sleeping wife and child in his arms . ."

"In the rear coach a conducted tour of Americans from Kansas City"

THE railways are wearing a great big collective smile these days; a smile of satisfaction as broad as the one which adorns the countenance of one of their representatives—the Pullman porter who decorates the front cover of this issue. You'd feel happy too, if you could report that your net income had increased almost 100 percent in the last 6 months. And that's the report the railways are making.

Canada's two great transcontinental systems make no secret of their elation. From published reports it is happily evident that freight traffic has soared, passenger traffic has been given a tremendous fillip and the spirit of the employees is riding the crest.

Passenger traffic has zoomed. Business men are doing more travelling than ever before as they trek to and from large cities and to communities where wartime industrial plants have been placed in operation. There has also been an increase in the number of Canadians travelling to vacation points within Canada and an increase in the number of American tourists using the railways to reach vacation centres in the Dominion. Military traffic has also added to the passenger volume.

TO MOST of us, who are bored by figures and percentages, it is enough to say that the railways are having a happy and profitable time of it. After seeing railway reports practically published in red ink for so many years, it is now a distinct pleasure to stand up on our desks and cheer the great comeback.

And today it is more fun to ride on a train than ever before.

Last week we had to travel from Toronto to Belleville, Ont., and a decision had to be made whether to go by automobile or train. Patriotic sentiment overcame us, and to save the gas we went by train. It proved to be an amusing choice.

For the trip to Belleville and back introduced us to a cross section of travelling Canada: a cross section as diverting and amusing as Frank Capra, Hollywood's ace director, crammed into the famous bus scene in the movie "It Happened One Night." Sailors. Soldiers. Debutantes. Working girls. Wives. Children. Businessmen. Each lends an individual touch to the trip.

BY HAROLD SUTHERLAND

In the rear coach is a conducted tour of Americans from Kansas City, hopping from one city to another on a circle tour of Canada and the Eastern United States and right now en route from Montreal to Toronto. Perched on the back of one of the seats is a guide who is giving them a spiel on what is in store for them in the Queen City.

Another car is made up almost entirely of soldiers on leave, and going with all the noisy abandon which only a soldier on leave can muster. To the vocalists in the military party, mouth organs and a musical saw play accompaniment. The less vocal ones have taken over the smoker where their acquisitive instincts, a pair of dice and furlough pay in their pockets provide them with the wherewithal to make their journey a profitable one or one to be forgotten as quickly as possible.

Then there is the little girl, paradoxically weary and restless, who between trips of the news-and-refreshment vendor, makes countless zigzagged hippety-hops up the aisle to the end of the car for drinks of water and other purposes which she stage-whispers in her mother's ear. Her father, a petty officer, accepts everything complacently and on our last trip through the car he was dozing with his sleeping wife and child in his arms.

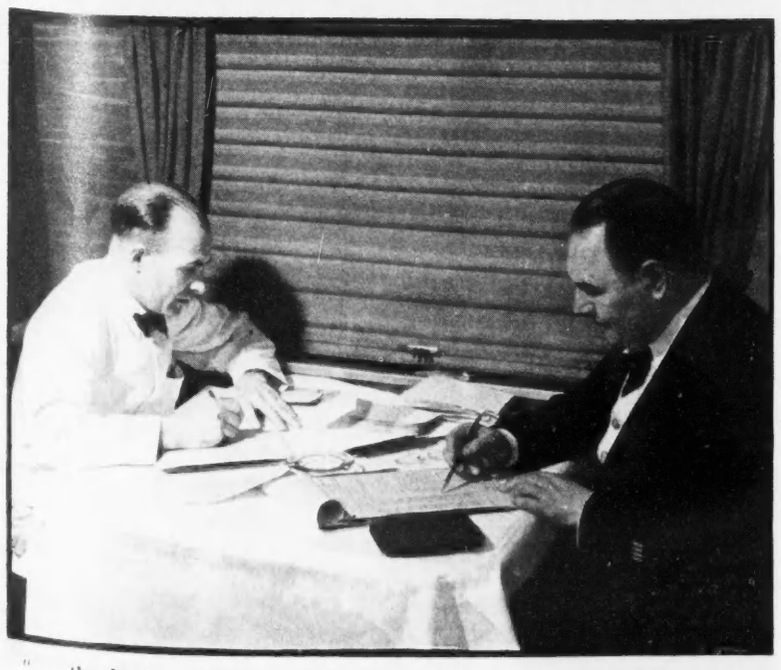
In a seat all by herself sits the girl traveller who just wants to be alone. You'll see her whenever you take a train trip. Soldiers and sailors, as free with their friendship as puppies, are firmly rebuffed. The thrill of a new acquaintance, with its romantic possibilities, is not enough to take her nose out of the latest copy of "True Romances."

UP IN the chair car sit the business men and we are just a little surprised to find that Big Business travels very much like any other class: some are chatting, others sit bored, others sleep with abandon, some just doze. But George, the ubiquitous porter, is under no misapprehension as to where his best interests lie. If passengers were gold ore, this car, to George, assays almost pure gold. George has already assayed it and from the grin on his face, he expects to pay a dividend this year.

In the dining car, the day's receipts are being counted by the head steward and his assistant. And in a corner by himself sits the conductor counting his fares.

It's as clear as the shriek of a train whistle on a still day that business for Canada's railways is good.

Photographs and Front Cover by Mathews



". . . the day's receipts are being counted by the head steward . . ."

"In a seat by herself sits the girl traveller . . ."

". . in a corner sits the conductor counting fares"

WHAT'S THE MOST DANGEROUS DISEASE OF School Years?

RHEUMATIC FEVER causes more serious disability among children of school age than *any other single disease!*

Indeed, it is responsible for most of the heart disease among people under the age of 40—much of this, in turn, resulting from rheumatic fever attacks which started during school years.

▶ Rheumatic fever usually appears following a chill or exposure to inclement weather. It is often accompanied or associated with a sore throat, tonsillitis, or a cold. Symptoms of an attack, often so vague or slight as to be frequently overlooked, may be: rapid heart, fever which may be slight, pallor, loss of appetite, weight, vigour, fleeting muscular aches. However, symptoms may be much more pronounced, such as: repeated nose bleeds, extreme nervousness, stiffness, swelling in joints and muscle, pain often traveling from joint to joint.

It is vitally important for parents to realize that a child with any of these symptoms may have rheumatic fever and needs immediate medical attention.

If your doctor determines that rheumatic fever is the trouble, he will probably point out to you the following important facts.

▶ Rheumatic fever is a serious and potentially chronic disease. Repeated attacks are common, and the heart is almost invariably involved. The seriousness of the heart damage depends largely on the severity and frequency of attacks. Consequently, continuous medical supervision during the illness and convalescence and periodic examinations afterwards are necessary.

Rheumatic fever may last many months; the patient must often stay in bed long after all fever and pain have disappeared—until the doctor gives permission to get up. Since rheumatic fever is apt to run in families, the doctor should be given an opportunity to examine other children in the family at regular intervals.

▶ While the cause of the disease is unknown, and its cure as yet unfound, early detection of its onset and of recurrences, and prompt medical care, can often do much to lessen its severity and help children to live useful, happy lives. Many thousands of people who suffered attacks in childhood are today active and healthy.

To help parents further guard against the dangerous effects of rheumatic fever and its recurrences, Metropolitan offers two free booklets, "Protecting Your Heart," and "Rheumatism."

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)
NEW YORK
Frederick H. Ecker
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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 4-1-41 "Protecting Your Heart" ☐ or 4-1-41 "Rheumatism" ☐

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GOLD AND DROSS

Your money is important. That is why each week in "Gold and Dross" we tell you what and what not to invest it in. And we try to do it as sagaciously and as expertly as possible. This requires patient and painstaking investigation and careful judgment, but the sound reputation of "Gold and Dross" built up over a number of years—more than we care to remember—has justified our effort and been our reward.—The Publishers.

SATURDAY NIGHT, The Canadian Weekly

India Equips for Modern War

BY H. S. L. POLAK

This is the second of two articles on India's War Effort by a prominent English journalist with special knowledge of India.

Here the writer enlarges upon India's industrial effort and makes some pertinent suggestions for the creation of better feeling in the country and for the strengthening of its defences.

WITH the resources of the British Navy and mercantile marine strained already to the uttermost, it is obviously of the highest importance that India's material resources should be organized, in common with those of the neighboring Empire countries, as speedily and efficiently as possible. To organize this support was the object of the great and representative Eastern Group Conference which met last October, with India as host and an active participant, and whose findings are now being put into operation from Delhi by the Provision and Supply Council, upon which India is well-represented, and which functions from Egypt and Capetown, at one side, to Hongkong, Australia, and New Zealand, at the other. One of its principal achievements has been to save Britain's shipping-space by the organization and transport of local supplies.

India is, in the main, an agricultural country, some 89 per cent. of her people being engaged in agriculture and occupations dependent thereon. She produces and exports timber and forest-products, and rubber, as well as cotton, jute and wool, which she also manufactures on a vast scale. She is one of the world's great producers of foodstuffs.

It is not generally realized that, relatively small as is her industrial development — though its progress has been enormous since fiscal autonomy was conceded to India 22 years ago, whereafter she has imposed tariffs even against Empire goods, when she deemed it necessary to build up her manufactures—yet because of the vastness and variety of skill of her population, India has long been regarded as one of the foremost industrial countries of the world, with a permanent seat on the Governing Body of the International Labor Organization, whose headquarters are now in Canada. She produces and exports great quantities of high-grade coal, iron, steel, manganese (needed for hardening special steels for armaments and fine tools), chromite, bauxite (for aluminum), and mica. Indeed, there is hardly a mineral of importance that is not to be found in large deposits in the country.

Industry Forging Ahead

It is true that India produces these but much more besides, and in much greater quantities than the quotation suggests. Indian industry, under the impetus provided by the exigencies of the War, is forging rapidly ahead. The capacity of India's four armament factories, which have existed for over half a century, and of her railway workshops has been doubled, and they are producing, in addition, heavy-calibred guns, machine-guns, ammunition of all sizes, army-lorries, and tanks, with the exception of engines, for the manufacture of which tools are being purchased on this Continent, not only for her own needs, but for other Empire and Allied countries. Gun production is now five times greater than in peace time and the making of shells has risen twenty-four times. An aeroplane factory is being set up in the progressive State of Mysore, and plans are afoot for the manufacture of automobile engines.

The Tata Steel Works, a purely Indian enterprise and one of the first six steel firms in the world, originally organized under the advice of American experts, produces a million tons of steel annually, and has long held important contracts from the Government. There are also other steel-works adding their immense contribution. In addition to her own needs, India supplies 10,000 tons of steel a month to the Allied and Empire countries, as well as unlimited quantities of other war-material. One hundred and twenty-five thousand pairs of boots a month produced in India for the British Army in England is not a trifling item. In addition, India has not only armed, clothed and equipped her own forces, both at home and abroad, to the extent of over 92 per cent of their requirements of all kinds, but, as the "Times of India" (Bombay) recalls, Indian cotton, woollen, and jute mills have turned out millions of yards to clothe and equip the Empire's armies. And the Indian shipyards, to which another, for the construction and enlargement of her mercantile marine, has just been added, are busy building mine-sweepers and patrol boats. With all this in mind, it is possible to view the industrial scene in a somewhat different perspective.

Indian Princes' Gifts

Great, however, as is this effort, it is yet far from being all that India is contributing to win the War—her War, as she increasingly appreciates, as much as Britain's War. The Indian Princes, out of their plenitude, have presented large sums of money for various war-purposes, not the least of which gifts is the Hyderabad Air Squadron; whilst in addition there are at present sixteen units of the Indian State Forces serving in different war-theatres. But India, speaking generally, is a very poor country; yet, out of her poverty, she has lent generously to the Indian war-funds and has given equally generously to both Indian and British war-charities. Six fighter squadrons of the R.A.F. have been named after the various parts of British India from which gifts of money have been sent to the Ministry of Aircraft Production for the purchase of aircraft. More than £1,000,000 has been given by four Indian funds.

India has also taxed herself very heavily to meet the cost of the military expansion which is now taking place, and she will certainly do so still further for the increased demands that will be made upon her resources as the struggle for victory becomes ever more intense.

India Encouraged

An immediate consequence of the latest White Paper and the implementing of the changes that are there indicated should be the harnessing of political effort more closely than it has yet been in the furtherance of the Administration's War-policy. The very substantial enlargement of the Viceroy's Executive Council—a quasi-Cabinet—with its large unofficial majority, composed of representative and experienced Indian statesmen, the setting up of a Defence Advisory Council, composed entirely of British Indian public men (and a woman) and of representatives of the Indian States under the chairmanship of the Viceroy, and the formation of special consultative committees of the Central Legislature under the chairmanship of the Commander-in-Chief, should go far to remove the feeling that Indian opinion and experience were insufficiently in control of the war-effort. India will be greatly encouraged thereby to direct her fullest energies to the total destruction of Nazism and to the preservation of Freedom in the world—in which, like China, India has a special and a consuming interest.

YOUR HOME might be NEXT

Most people insure against fire but other "disasters" can strike just as easily. The annual cost to Canadians of the ravages of windstorm, explosion, smoke damage, falling aircraft, wild motor vehicles, lightning, riot, accident and sickness—runs into many millions.

Yet, for a slight extra cost to the attractively low premium of the "Economical Mutual" fire insurance, you can protect yourself from loss from these constant threats to financial security.

Consult the Economical Mutual agent in your community. This strong Canadian Company, with assets exceeding $2,950,000 has been established over 70 years.

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The Russia Which Lies Beyond the Urals

BY R. J. GREGOR

THE Great Beyond. . . This term might well be applied to that area of Russia which lies beyond the Ural mountains.

To most of us, before the war, "Russia" meant Moscow, Leningrad, and one or two other places, of whose exact position we were rather vague. It was a country given to revolutions, extremely cold weather, fur caps and high boots. It was, according to one's politics, the perfect State or the perfect mess.

It took a European war to make the majority of Westerners grasp the full importance of Russia, its immense possibilities, its great possessions, its extent, and its variety of peoples. And it took the German onslaught to make us fully realize that European Russia was only a small part of that area of which we spoke so glibly as the U.S.S.R. When it was said that the Russians might even retreat beyond the Urals people suddenly realized that beyond the country we knew lay a tremendous area of which little was said or known.

Beyond that mountain range which forms, roughly, the dividing line between European and Asiatic Russia, lies the Siberian Area, an administrative unit of Asiatic Russia, with an area of 4,028,615 square kilometres. Half a continent, full of amazing potentialities; its northern boundary the Arctic Ocean, reaching from Gyda bay to Khalanga bay, its southern boundary Mongolia, and Kazakstan. To the east lie the Yakutsk and Buriat-Mongol republics, to the west the Uralsk Area. Very roughly, it coincides with the old Yeniseisk, Tomsk and Irkutsk Governments of Imperial Russia.

An area of over four million square kilometres is not to be despised, particularly when it is only partially developed, and capable of far greater things than those which have already been attempted.

No Land of Fiction

This district is by no means only the "Siberia" of fiction, that barren, ice-bound home of convicts and exiles. It has productive plains and fertile valleys. It is true that the northern parts know the meaning of winter, particularly in the area of Cape Chelyuskin, lat. 77 38N. But this area stretches far south and can boast of a considerable variety of climate.

Around Lake Baikal and to the north-east the land is crossed with beautiful valleys. The valley of the Irkut river is exceptionally fertile. North of these alpine regions, with their chains of mountains clothed with dense forest, is the "black earth region," a splendid broad belt of rich earth, stretching eastward from Tomsk, and from Kansk in a south easterly arc to Irkutsk.

This gigantic area is beginning to rouse itself. Agriculture is still, perhaps, the chief occupation, but the Soviet has not ignored the tremendous wealth which lies below the surface of the earth. It will be many years before the vast mineral wealth of the Siberian area is fully developed or exploited, but something is being done. And in addition to this, factories are springing up. Those of the people who have benefitted by a study of western methods are no longer content merely to produce raw materials. They are learning to use those materials.

In the Minusinsk district sugar beet is grown and beet-sugar factories have come into being. At Omsk, Kansk, Barnaul and Zmyeinogorsk, technical dairy schools have been established and Tomsk boasts a fine central laboratory. Siberian milk is rich in fat, and butter-making is becoming quite an important industry. Owing to the rich pasturage, which produces the high proportion of fat, it has been estimated that the average yield is 1 lb. of butter to 20-25 lbs. of milk, as against 1 lb. to 28 lbs. of milk in Denmark. And Siberian cheese has become increasingly popular in the markets.

Timber and Agriculture

Omsk, Novo-Sibersk and Tomsk have timber-mills. Tomsk and Irkutsk and Omsk have printing works, together with many other factories. The principal industries in most of the larger towns are distilling, tanning, soap and tallow-making, flour-milling, saw-milling, oil-milling and glass-making. There are also brick and cement works. Twenty-eight miles from Krasnoyarsk is a large glass factory. One could go on elaborating these growing industries indefinitely.

The agricultural wealth is great; wheat, rye, barley, potatoes, flax, hemp, sunflower seeds, beans, oats and grasses are grown over huge areas. The drawback is not production but distribution. And it is the same with the mineral wealth. There is magnetic iron ore at Telbes, near Kuznetsk, with beds of good coking coal only twenty miles away. Gold is found in quantity. Mariinsk has large gold mines and the first dredge in the area was established here. The Bodai district produces 25% of all the gold in the U.S.S.R. Thirteen tons per annum have been produced, but again the difficulty which faces all these mining achievements is that of obtaining safe and adequate transport. There are antimony mines in the Yeniseisk district. Radium has recently been found. Salt comes from the salt lakes in Bareba steppe. And so on. Yet though there is so much to hand comparatively little has been done and much remains to do.

Mineral Wealth

Leaving the Siberian area; in the Uralsk area we find Sverdlovsk, formerly known as Ekaterinburg, lying on the eastern slopes of the Urals. This town, the chief in the Uralsk area, is the centre of the gold, platinum, copper and coal mining district. Quite an important spot, with a growing population which, in 1926, numbered 136,494. Electric power stations have been opened here and have given a great impetus to the growth of industry. It was here that the Tsar, his wife, four daughters and only son were executed in July 1918.

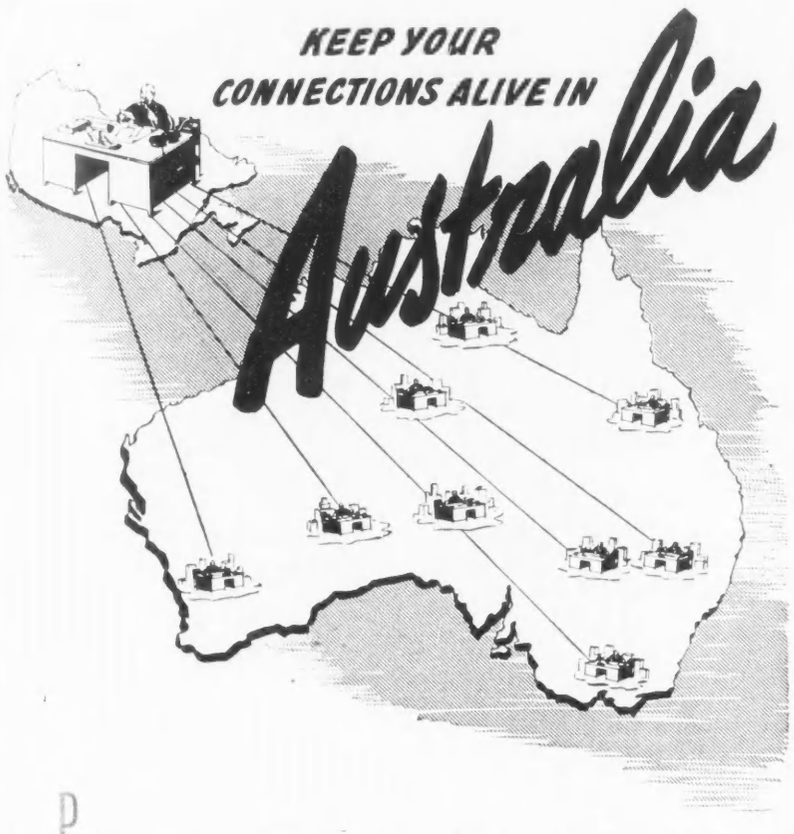
It is impossible even to indicate, in a short space, the tremendous variety, scope and possibilities of Asiatic Russia. Strange to think that the ice-bound towns of the north are linked under this heading, with the ancient, romantic cities of Samarkand and Bohkara. Samarkand, beloved by its conqueror Tamerlane, is now almost two cities, the wide, tree-lined streets of the Russian quarter varying so strangely from the maze-like collection of tiny narrow alleyways which form the Muslim section. Here the inhabitants live out their lives much as their ancestors have done for thousands of years. And Bokhara, seat of Islamic learning and religious life, known for years as the principal book-making centre of Central Asia. Trading as of yore, in metal ware, silk, astrakhan, lambskins and exquisite carpets.

Were Russia to lose all her Western possessions she would still be a great power. For then the energy of the West would commence to develop the riches of the East, and, as has so often happened in the past, the loss of one generation would be the gain of generations to come.

HOPE

ONE of these ages
I trust we will find:
That man is the union
Of body with mind.

FREDERICK VAN BOEHMER.



PRESENT WORLD CONDITIONS have developed many difficulties for Canadian manufacturers and producers interested in export trade.

These conditions are likewise a challenge and an opportunity because it is essential in the national interest that old contacts be maintained, if only by continuous correspondence, and that quick and aggressive action should be taken to capitalize upon any new opportunities to export which develop.

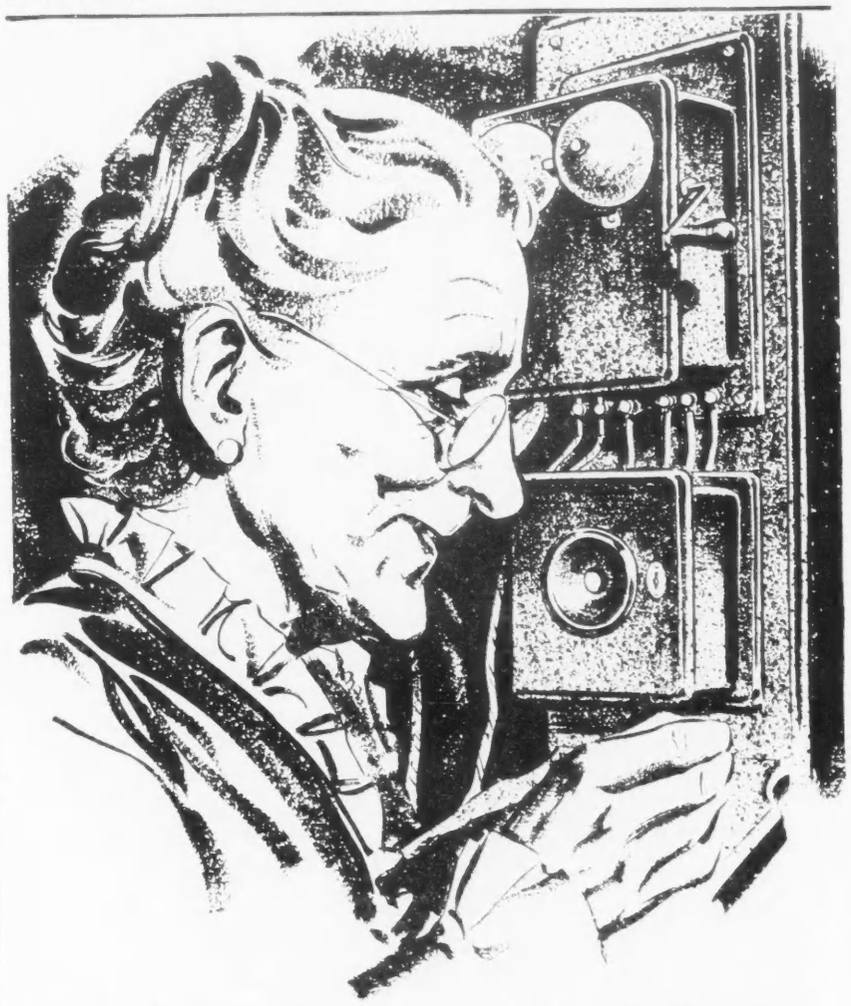
In this connection, the following excerpt from a report by Canadian Trade Commissioners in Sydney and Melbourne is of special interest:

"Australia—Canada's third best market in normal times—still absorbed over thirty-five millions of dollars worth of Canadian products in 1940.

"Conservation of non-sterling exchange for pressing war needs and the Empire Air Scheme has, however, necessitated drastic prohibitions and reductions in respect of many Canadian products of a luxury or non-essential type. This position will not be permanent, and Canadian exporters are strongly urged to maintain close contact with their accredited agents in Australia, or the Canadian Government Trade Commissioners at P.O. Box No. 3952V, Sydney and 44 Queen St., Melbourne, thus keeping fully informed regarding tariff changes, special Empire concessions, import restrictions, and urgent war requirements in raw materials and semi-manufactured products."

THE DEPARTMENT OF TC 429
TRADE AND COMMERCE
HON. JAMES A. MacKINNON, M.P. Minister — Ottawa — L. D. WILGRESS Deputy Minister

THE STORY OF THE TELEPHONE



An Idea Grows . . . And Grows

● Regarded at first as a scientific phenomenon . . . and an amusing toy . . . the telephone, by 1883, was well on its way to becoming a household necessity. An inventor named Blake had devised a transmitter which was a great improvement over earlier types . . . and many independent telephone companies began to spring up—sometimes two or more in one city. It was considered a great wonder that any telephone subscriber could be placed in direct communication with any other subscriber in the same community. As yet, no one thought much about the possibility of being able to speak to distant cities. Today, a scant 60 years later, you can talk to any part of the Dominion where telephone service exists . . . and connections will be quick and clear. The coast-to-coast circuits of the Trans-Canada Telephone System make this service possible.

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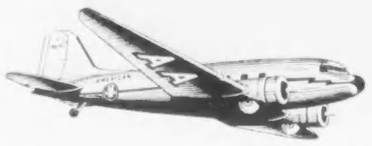

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The Future of the C.C.F.

BY F. A. BREWIN

Looking to post-war reconstruction, Mr. Brewin wonders if we can organize political parties competent for the new tasks.

He says that the Conservative and Liberal parties, by their history and structure as well as by their theories, are committed to promote a disastrous return to "normalcy"; that what is needed is a party which recognizes unemployment as a plague to be resisted with the same force as foreign invasion, a party which frankly recognizes the necessity of a collectivist economy but is determined to see such an economy administered in a democratic and equalitarian manner.

Such a party, he asserts, is the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation. Mr. Brewin, incidentally, is a member of the C. C. F. Ontario Provincial Council.

IN THREE interesting articles in SATURDAY NIGHT, Mr. Dana Porter has focused attention on a vital problem, the problem of the party system. In wartime, the strident tones of partisan politics must be hushed in the overwhelming necessity to concentrate effort on victory. Nevertheless, a vigilant conscientious Opposition is required to check inefficiency and corruption and to express doubts and aspirations which, if suppressed, injure morale.

When the war is over the importance of political parties will not diminish. Politics need not, in Mr. Porter's phrase, degenerate from "a first-rate craft into a second-rate adventure." For victory painfully won on ocean and battlefield, in homes and factories, can be thrown away by failure to organize international security. This happened once. It can also be thrown away by failure to organize internal security. A relapse into the chaos of unemployment would subject democracy to intolerable strains.

Can we organize political parties competent for the new tasks? Mr. Porter, sensitive to present inadequacies, urges the reconstruction of the Conservative party.

This article presents an alternative view which, accepting the essential soundness of the "two-party system" (not too rigidly interpreted) sees in the development of the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation the best hope for the future.

Mr. Porter dismisses the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation as "doctrinaire." It is perhaps just this background of critical examination of the economic system which gives the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation its strength, although the Federation has long outgrown the merely "doctrinaire" stage, as the practical work of its Parliamentary representatives and the concrete proposals of its platform abundantly testify.

Unemployment Problem

Despite many instances of government interference, the mainspring of the economic system before the war was its deficiencies. Widespread, chronic unemployment was regarded as more or less inevitable. The paradox of unused resources of men and materials coinciding with unfulfilled need for elementary necessities provided material for moralists and political prophets crying in the wilderness. It affected the actions of ordinary men and women no more than the modern knowledge of hygiene affected the habits of disease-ridden Hindus.

The war has changed all that. It has compelled a tremendous and significant intervention of government in the economic life of the country. Government orders for war necessities, government control of wages, prices and commodities, have seriously modified the system.

There can be no return without chaos. Industrial and military demobilization cannot be indefinitely postponed when hostilities cease. Government planning of the transfer from a war to a peace economy will be essential. Toleration of unemployment and glaring inequities in distribution will not suit the dominant mood after the war.

Conservative and Liberal parties, by their history and structure as well as by their theories, are committed to promote a disastrous return to "normalcy." Mr. Hanson recently committed the Conservative party specifically to a return to the old system. This is not to suggest that a Conservative or Liberal Government in the post-war period would be able to avoid government efforts to stimulate employment and plan production. But such efforts would be unwilling, half-hearted, piecemeal and inadequate.

What is needed is a party which recognizes unemployment as a plague to be resisted with the same spirit as foreign invasion, a party which frankly recognizes the necessity of a collectivist economy but is determined to see such an economy administered in a democratic and equalitarian manner. Such a party is the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation which, because of its "doctrinaire" criticism of the failures of private enterprise, will be least inhibited of the political parties in carrying over on a bold scale the necessary degree of government intervention in the national economy.

This does not mean abolition of private property or doctrinaire revolution. It is not a question of all private property versus all socialized property. It is a question of the correct degree of government direction of economic effort so as to afford security from fear and want to all. Under the direction of a democratic party, such as the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation, action would no doubt be reminiscent of the maligned New Deal. It would involve the employment of the capital resources of the nation in such schemes of industrializing whole regions as the T.V.A. and in large-scale housing plans. It would involve the industrial employment of agricultural products and the distribution of the necessities of life, such as coal, milk, bread and medical services as public utilities, perhaps on the basis of family allowances.

Instructed Followers

The nature of the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation obviates some of the dangers inherent in collectivism. It is firmly based on the support of two elements of the Canadian people who, because they are at once the most numerous and the most "depressed" groups in Canada, need political expression to ensure that the post-war collectivism is democratic and equalitarian. These are the farmers and factory workers. The political power and political interest of both groups is growing and will grow. In the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation group of eight in the House of Commons is a microcosm of parties which successfully achieved power and gave good government to New Zealand and Scandinavian countries. Four of its representatives come from agricultural Saskatchewan and the other four represent industrial districts from Nova Scotia to British Columbia.

A source of strength for the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation is that it practices democracy within. Regular annual conventions are held at which party policy is hammered out. This might seem an intolerable nuisance to politicians of the old school. In practice it assures instructed enthusiastic followers.

When the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation was formed some eight years ago, many cranks, Utopians and opportunists flocked to it. To the surprise of some, the capitalist system took a long time to expire and rosy dreams of early success faded. Most of this type fell away. No doubt, like Dr. Johnson's noble patron, the Earl of Chesterfield, they will be eager to encumber the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation with help when it has ceased to struggle in the water and is approaching the shore. But adversity has its uses. Sacrifice and conviction go together. Years of discouragement, in which the demise of the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation was confidently hailed as an accomplished fact, will bear fruit. In this accumulation of devotion and experience the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation will have a tremendous advantage over any new party that may spring up.

Because the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation is reasonable and responsible, it cannot compete with the meretricious allure of the advocates of monetary reforms and violent revolution. Such panaceas find adherents at all times and dangerously many in times of stress. But, assuming as we do the defeat of the Nazi menace, Canada is fortunate in having in the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation an instrument of political development which the Canadian people can use, if they will, to preserve and extend the democracy to which they are committed.

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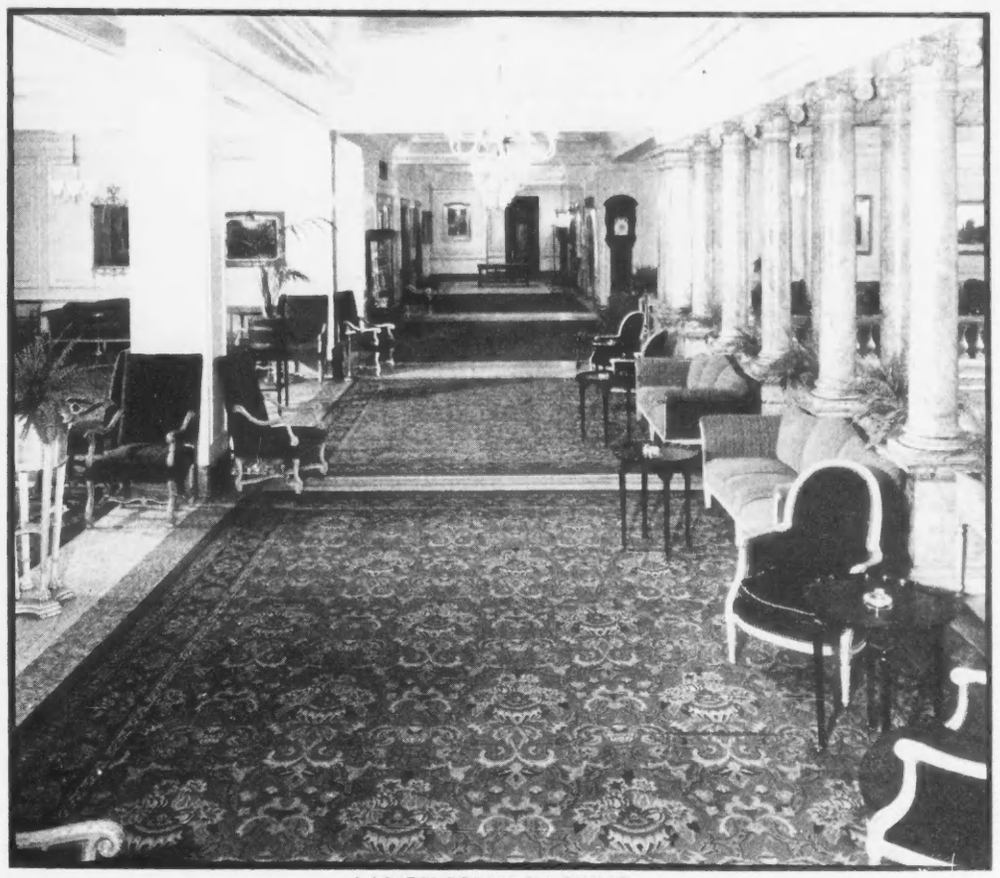

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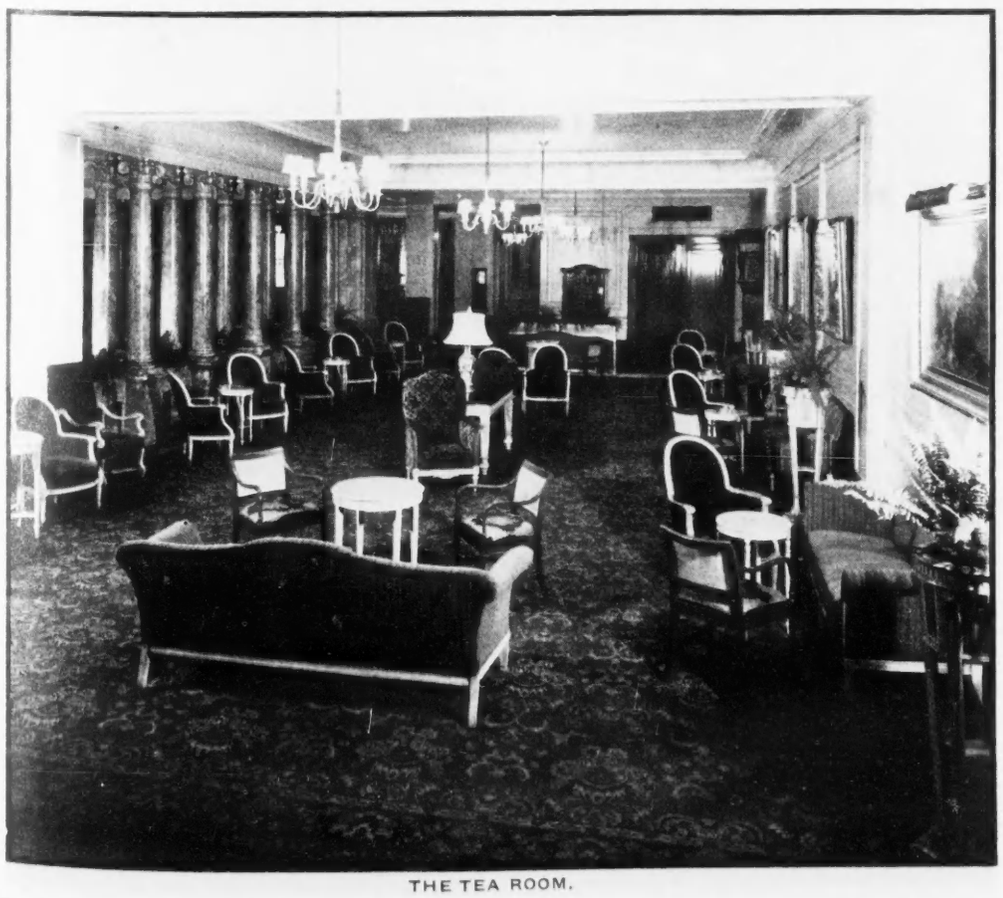

THE TEA ROOM.

DURING the past few months guests of the King Edward Hotel in Toronto may have sensed that something was afoot but it is only now, when the results of all the unseen activity are evident, that they become aware of the many changes that have taken place. Underneath the usual functioning of the hotel has been taking place a complete refurbishing involving alterations, re-decoration, new furnishings.

The first evidence of this is to be seen in the lobby which has become newly beautiful with a shining terrazzo floor dotted with magnificent crimson rugs of a Jacobean design—a registered design of the King Edward's own. An effect of semi-privacy is given the center of the huge rotunda by means of unique illuminated ferneries. The space is furnished with custom-made tables of solid walnut which hold lamps whose bases are antique Chinese vases, leather chairs and chesterfields in tones of beige and luggage tan which pick up the warm tone of the marble pillars of the great room. From here, too, guests have an excellent view of the famous King Edward mural paintings which tell the story of Early Canada. The glowing colors of the paintings, executed by William Dodge of Paris under the direction of the Tiffany company of New York, are now displayed to advantage by means of flood lights from below.

The Palm Court creates a new entrance to the Oak Room where dancing takes place in the evenings. Not only does it provide an introduction to the pleasures of dining and dancing, but it also creates an attractively comfortable meeting place with its mirrors, lamps, and chesterfields.

Added charm is given the mezzanine floor, too, where the tea room and ladies' private lounge have taken on new attractiveness with rose rugs and chairs with antiqued ivory frames upholstered in crimson, black and gold, or green. Here, too, the walls are hung with part of the hotel's fine collection of paintings. A quietly beautiful place in which to meet or chat with a friend, or to spend an hour over the tea cups.

The extensive improvements and changes which extend from the top of the hotel to the hidden places where guests seldom go—although they may if they wish—have been shared by hundreds of private rooms and suites.

None of the King Edward's old charm has been taken away, and much has been added.

What Not To Do With A Defeated Germany

BY JACK ANDERS

IN NOVEMBER 1918 we were in the position to do anything we liked with Germany. But we did nothing. At least, we have to say so for the salvation of our own political self-respect; for if we did anything, it must have contributed to the creation and consolidation of Hitler.

The German defeat of 1918 produced collapse but it did not produce general chaos in Germany. True, there were sporadic outbreaks of civil war in certain regions of the Reich. But the authority of the central government, though for a time very weak, was never in dispute. This was due to the fact that the new German Republic requested Hindenburg to put himself at its disposal for the purpose of leading the armies home in an orderly fashion. Hindenburg acceded and the militarists were back in the saddle in Germany.

At this time, no one can tell whether the chance of 1918 will return, our victory over Hitler taken for granted. For if the German armies disintegrate there will be chaos and bloody revolution in Germany. This revolution may, probably will, spread to France in reaction to the Vichy regime, and to Italy in reaction to Fascism, and to Spain in reaction to Franco. It may, probably will, establish communism. If by that time we have an expeditionary force in Europe, we have no right to let that force fight against those revolutions; first, because our young men are not there to die for such aims and secondly, because it would be a hopeless fight. Once such revolutions begin it would be impossible for us to stop them. In other words, in the case of revolution in Germany the chance of our doing as we like with her will not return.

Should we therefore try to prevent the disintegration of the German armies? Definitely no! For if the German armies do not disintegrate there will be another Hitler in Germany twenty years or so after the end of this war. For those who have not known it or who have forgotten it, the story of Captain Ernst Roehm may be recalled. Roehm (shot June 30, 1934) was an imperial officer who was taken over by the Reichswehr in Munich. The last war was hardly finished when Roehm instituted courses in patriotic instruction for his soldiers in slow and painstaking preparation for rousing the spirit of revenge. His attention was drawn to an otherwise insignificant soldier who had the gift of convincing oratory (or what went for that in the army in Bavaria). The soldier was Hitler. Roehm supplied him with army funds for the constitution of his party and propaganda.

Thus we may, probably shall, after our victory be confronted with the alternative of allowing communism to take its course in Germany and adjacent countries, or to face the certain prospect of another war. If we want to prevent another war, and if the German armies should not disintegrate and should themselves stave off a revolution, we shall have to make them disintegrate afterwards. However, it would be a miracle if they would not disintegrate at least partly without our help; for it is hardly to be expected that the Hollanders, the Belgians, the Norwegians and many others will let the armies of occupation go home in quiet, and under that stress the occupation armies will go to pieces.

A Conservative Germany

There are many people in the democratic camp who wish that a "conservative" Germany should emerge from this war. The notion of a conservative Germany is often linked up with that of a military dictatorship. Now, everyone knows what harm such a Germany has done to the world in 1914 and under Hitler. For in spite of the fact that Hitler's will is the prime mover in Germany today, it is obvious that the Nazi Reich could arise and maintain itself only through the bayonets and the voluntary subservience of the army. Everyone knows that, including those who wish for a conservative Germany, and therefore it is not enough to point out what such a Germany has done in the past. We must also assess what it would look like in the future.

Let us therefore glance at the testimony of one who knows. Dr. Otto Strasser broke with Hitler in May 1930 for reasons which were not connected with the murderous violence of the brown hordes, but because Hitler found himself strong enough then to abandon all pretence of Socialism whereas Dr. Strasser remained faithful to his socialistic ideals. This country has exercized the democratic privilege of offering Dr. Strasser sanctuary for the duration of the war. Many people outside Germany see in him head of a conservative Germany.

"Germany Tomorrow"

In his book, "Germany Tomorrow", Dr. Strasser wrote: "Whereas the generals of the German army are an unprincipled lot . . . the majority of the staff officers are persons of blameless character, and in political matters are convinced . . . opponents of the Hitler System." It is to be assumed that these staff officers, promoted to leading ranks, would be the heads of a German military dictatorship or the power behind the scenes in a "conservative" Germany of Strasserian brand. But who could deny that they have shown an appalling lack of the courage of their convictions by being "convinced opponents of the Hitler System" without doing anything about it; a lack of courage twice contemptible in officers? Who would say that their "principles" recommend them to us as the men with whom our governments would have to conclude treaties and agreements? "There is no decent officer," says Dr. Strasser, "who would not answer 'Germany', if he were faced with the problem of 'Hitler or Germany'." Of course not, for in dropping Hitler when things go badly for him they might see a chance of not going down themselves and, if they get away with it, in time sponsoring another Hitler. There is only one thing certain about those gentlemen that hitherto they have said "Hitler", and not "Germany".

Not to be able to prevent chaos, possibly long drawn-out, among a hundred or two hundred million people is a dark prospect. But to foster a "conservative" Germany based on the personalities that are available there, would be worse. It would be criminal folly.

There is another group that in a conservative Germany would be as indispensable as the army, a group which in fact is inseparable from the army: the "Thyssens". Herr Fritz Thyssen fled Germany after the outbreak of war. In March last year he published an article, "Why I Fled Germany", which was widely circulated in Britain, the United States, and France. Two passages of that article are worth being explained.

Shortly before Hitler was made chancellor by the traitorous Hindenburg a meeting took place at the house of the banker von Schroeder at the instigation of Herr Thyssen who had been a member of the Nazi Party since 1923. At that meeting the leading German industrialists finally decided to throw their lot in with Hitler. Says Herr Thyssen: "Hitler, true to his custom, promised us anything and everything: power and honor for von Papen; orders and money, mountains of money, for Krupp; . . . a peaceful course for Germany at home and abroad; . . . and a pact with the working class that would compensate it for the loss of its political rights, for the destruction of its trade unions, by a far-reaching system of social legislation." Nothing about the army? Oh yes! Herr Thyssen calls it coyly: "Money for Krupp;" not for himself, of course. Nothing about the freedom of worship? No! But Herr Thyssen continues: "We had visions of a type of Christian corporative State whose authority would be based on the Church—the Roman Catholic Church in the West and the Protestant Church in the East."

He concluded: "Peace is possible, cheaply and easily, and for ever . . . Tomorrow may be too late. For the time being we leaders of industry have the reins of power in our hands. . . . In France and England the leaders of industry are equally prepared to receive such a commission . . . The path before you is clear—an ultimatum of German industry to Hitler will decide his fate and ours." Of course, only after "you" have made just a little Fascist revolution, as Herr Thyssen did in Germany. That Herr Thyssen lays himself open to the question why, if the German industrialists at that time had the reins of power in their hands, they did not prevent the war does not seem to concern him at all. But it concerns us when we see more or less well-meaning people hope for a "conservative" Germany.

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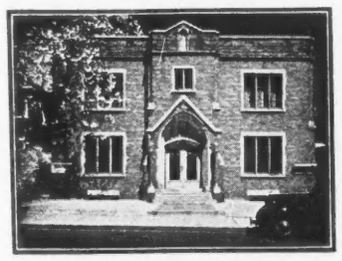

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Selling the War!

This article reached us, exactly as it here stands, in the form of a personal letter to the editor from a writer of whom we know nothing except that he is a member of the Royal Air Force and is in training at a Canadian establishment. His identity naturally cannot be revealed.

Dear Mr. Sandwell:

I'M just an airman out to do my bit in this war. Probably by the time you read this I'll be in England. My training hasn't been in politics or propaganda. In fact there has been no attempt made to influence my opinion since I joined up last September. In some ways it is rather unfortunate, for I am American, and I have a great many friends in the United States. Some of these kind people have spent hours in letter writing to try and convince me that the whole war is, to put it bluntly, phoney. And once, when things weren't going very well, they almost convinced me. However I've survived, and today stand more convinced than ever that in joining up I've done the right thing.

From a casual perusal of the occasional newspaper over these many months, I seem to have gleaned the opinion that the entry of the U.S. into the war is of some concern. Facetious? Perhaps. But your backwoods politicians still like to debate the point.

From a "morale point of view," a determined entry of the United States, a vivid declaration of war, would cinch your chances of winning. Think of its effect on the oppressed peoples, think of its effect on the German populace! The point is too stupid to argue, let us concede it and carry on.

YOU want all-out American assistance, you want the 120,000,000 American people throwing their weight on your side. Well, it's yours for the asking! But not the way you're asking now.

If ever a nation had reason to go to war, the United States had it today. They've had it for a year. They've had it ever since Hitler stomped into Austria. They've had reasons, they've had excuses galore. With the fall of France and the Battle of Britain they've not had any excuses to stay out. Why aren't they in it then, sez you? Why? Simply because they aren't reasonable.

You never sold anything to an American by being reasonable. Hence the advertising business, organized religion, jitterbugs, soap operas, comic strips and Hollywood. Appeal to an American's reason and you're both lost. Appeal to his emotions and you've got him by the collar. You Britishers may speak the same tongue as Americans, but the words don't mean the same thing.

If you want to sell a thing to a man you've got to talk his language. The average American doesn't buy a car because it has a good engine. The salesman lets him play with the gadgets, and shows him how good he looks sitting at the wheel. If the damn thing needed a horse to pull it, he'd still buy it, providing you threw in a week's supply of oats or a set of free dishes. That's the American way. To you it's raucous, and uncouth, and blaring, but 120,000,000 people like it, and scream for more.

And that's just about how it is with this war.

IF YOU want to sell this war to the American people you must talk American slang. You've got the goods, you've got the sincerity, you've got the firm belief in the rightness of your cause. You *know*, and inwardly nearly every American *knows*, but you are both at a standstill.

All that's lacking is the spark.

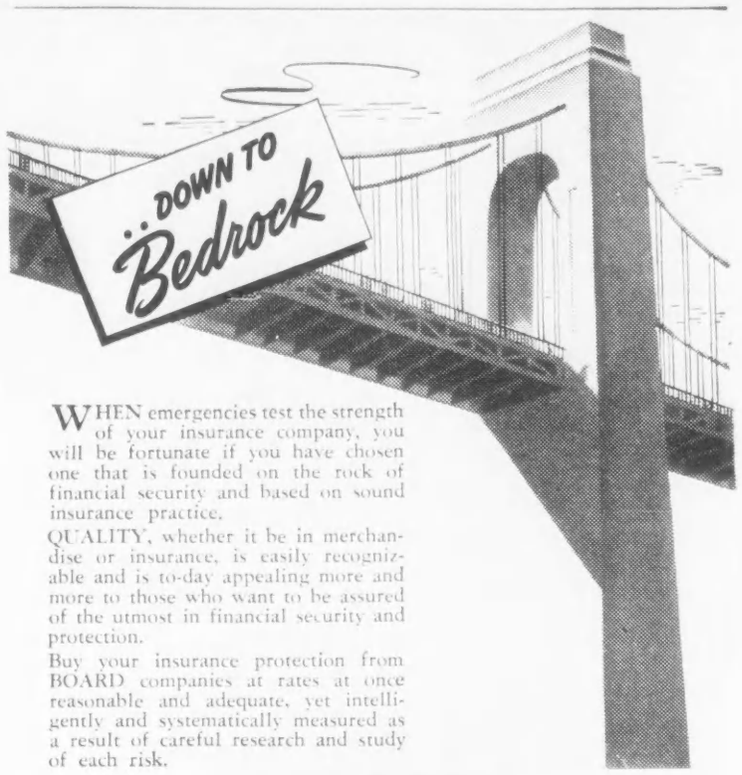
And you've got that too, if you'll only use it.

The British nation is a race of stoics. An Englishman does a thing and it's done. A British lad pulls a mother and her baby out of a heap of rubble that was once a home. They thank each other and go their way. A nursing sister eases the dying moments of her lover and moves on to the next patient. A pilot shoots half the German air force out of the sky, and though wounded brings his plane in so that someone else may carry on.

Every moment of this war has been filled with deeds of valor and courage and sacrifice unprecedented in human history. Yet because it is your British way, you allow such deeds to go unchronicled, or at most recognize them in brief citations cloaked in anonymity. That's all right for you. You know and understand. You know that for every D.F.C. awarded, a thousand men go unacknowledged. Oh yes, the occasional story breaks print—accidents will happen.

Yet in these deeds and heroic acts, you have the strongest selling point, the only selling point required. Your policy of reticence is probably suited to your own nation, but to sell this war to the States you require showmanship and glamor. Americans are a voluble and vigorous people, accustomed to spreading the glory and shouting it to the skies. To an American everything must be stupendously extra super colossal. An American loves nothing more than to hear about the private life of his neighbor. The dissemination of gossip is one of the most profitable rackets in that gaudy country today. No one is quicker than an American with his sympathy and kindliness.

IT IS the individual men and women of Britain who are providing the story. The little acts of courage of housewives and navies are front page stuff. Your pilots would sweep across the front page of America if you would let them. A corp of publicity agents sizzling the telegraph wires would do more to turn public opinion in six weeks, than all these misspent months of reason and logic. You could wring the hearts of all the mothers in America. You have the stuff to challenge the manhood of every American man. You could have every Daughter of the American Revolution in revolt. You've got the goods, why then, why in hell don't you scream them from one side of the Atlantic to the other? You can sell America, if you talk American.



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Swords are beaten into plowshares when peace follows war. Today, throughout the world, plowshares are beaten into swords . . . On this continent, the greatest food-producing area in the world, it is well to consider that Plowshares Are Swords!

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY of Canada, Ltd.
HAMILTON ONTARIO

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

THE HITLER WAR

Fighting Around the World

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

IN THIS first week of the third year of war the battlefield extends right around the world. The only continent not directly involved in the fighting is South America, and Nazi plots are being uncovered there almost every day. Only about one per cent of Africa lies outside of the struggle. The whole vast Eurasian mass with its billion and a half population Mackinder's "World Island" is in the war. I say "the" war, for the Russian campaign has had the effect of merging Germany's war and Japan's war. It has brought a British-American-Chinese-Russian alliance within the realm of practical politics.

Whether such an alliance materializes is for Japan to decide. Plainly she has reached one of the great decisive moments of her history. Should she decide to plunge on, it will not be out of any obligation to Germany, however. Japanese politics are purely opportunistic, and there is reason to believe that the Japs don't feel any too friendly towards the Germans these days. A dispatch from Shanghai tells of German Embassy officials being pushed about by Japanese rifle butts, and Germans leaving Japan being treated in as unfriendly a fashion as Americans.

After giving the Japanese a terrible jolt when he made friends with Russia without warning two years ago, it seems that Hitler has jolted them again by making war on Russia without warning. Indeed, he appears to have used the Matsuoka pact with Stalin, which he encouraged, to partly cloak his intentions. With this pact the Japanese thought that they had their rear all nicely tidied up and could proceed with their southward drive towards the real spoils of East Asia, in Malaya and the Netherlands Indies.

Then came the Nazi attack on Russia to disrupt all their carefully laid plans. It didn't seem quite so disastrous at first, though it was the end of Matsuoka. It is said that the German Ambassador to Tokyo obligingly laid before the Japanese Government a tentative time-table of the German conquest indicating the most opportune moment for Japan to profit from the weakening of Russia's Far Eastern position and the dismay of Britain and the United States.

Jap Army Depleted

But the time-table has gone awry. Russia has not been defeated, nor has she had to withdraw much of her strength from Eastern Siberia. Britain has been freed to spare still more aerial and naval reinforcements for Singapore. Britain and Russia have been thrown into alliance, and Russia and the United States brought closer together. Worse, the spectre of a British - Russian - Chinese - Dutch - American bloc to oppose Japanese expansion in the Far East has been raised.

The Japanese may truly enough feel themselves being hemmed in. The China War and the watch on the Amur tie down the greater part of their army, depleted by four years of heavy casualties. The superior U.S. Battle Fleet at Hawaii pins down their navy from moving as far south as Singapore. The strong Russian air power, which decisively proved its superiority in the large-scale "incident" really quite a sizeable war at Nomonhan in 1939, threatens the crowded cities of the Japanese homeland. And the new Japanese position in the China Sea is ringed in by a fast-growing British-Dutch-American air power, from Burma through Singapore, Borneo and the Philippines.

Japan appears weakest of all in the air, and it is precisely in this element that the powers determined to oppose her further expansion have been strengthening themselves most. The maximum production rate of the Japanese aircraft industry is given at as low as 250 planes a month and the models are not of the latest. Modern American bombers, from the light *Boston* and *Baltimore* to the four-engined *Liberator* and *Flying Fortress* are probably faster than Japanese fighter planes. The possibility that such American planes may follow the present shipments of aviation gasoline into Vladivostok is what has set the Japanese raving lately.

A Pauper Nation

While the powers whom she thought to drive one by one out of the Far East grow stronger and unite, Japan is condemned to increasing weakness by the economic sanctions which her aggression has finally brought upon her. If her chance of winning seems poor today, it will probably become steadily poorer. The Japanese Army Press Chief expressed the radical militarist view when he said, at the beginning of the week, that Japan must act now to break through the encirclement, or resign herself to the position of a pauper nation.

In the circumstances is much likely to come out of the talk of negotiation between Washington and Tokyo? Would the United States come to any real settlement with Japan which left the latter in occupation of a large part of China? She has just sent off a military mission to Chungking to help chase the Japanese out. Would she consent to Japan remaining in Indo-China, dominating the China Sea from the important naval base of Cam Ranh Bay?

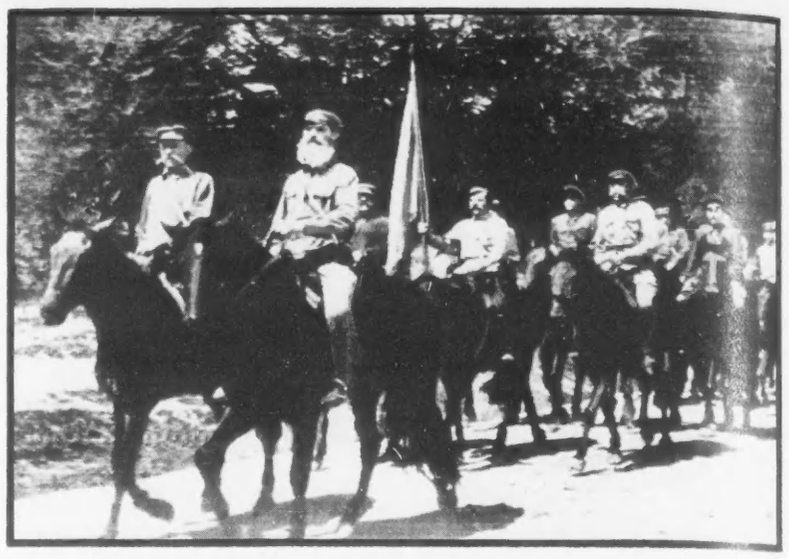
To come to any agreement with the United States the Japanese would have to make a tremendous climb-down and abandon their whole scheme for a Greater East Asia, into which they have poured their blood and treasure unstintingly for four years. This would mean complete loss of face for them, even if it did rescue their world trade and Korea, Formosa and Manchuria. But the group presently in power in Tokyo are more interested in Bushido and booty than in world trade. Rather than lose face, Bushido calls for the commission of hara-kiri. There seems a good chance that Japan will go ahead with the expansionist schemes in which she is so deeply involved, and commit national hara-kiri.

Persia a Life-Line

In the Middle East a litte war has been started and finished between the writing of last week's article and this one. It has been a highly successful and satisfactory action for us, anticipating a German plot which would have either sabotaged Persia's valuable lines of communication and rich oil resources, or prepared the country as a base of operations against India. We have chased the Germans out of their last fox-hole in the Middle East, their only legation and major propaganda centre beyond Ankara; established a safe and solid line of supply to Russia; and backed up Turkey still more firmly.

With the Murmansk - Leningrad route too vulnerable, Archangel closed a large part of the year and Vladivostok under threat of Japanese blockade and requiring a 6000-mile rail haul over a crowded line to the fighting front, Persia is designated as our chief route of supplies to Russia. It has its advantages, too. It is open all year. It leads directly to the Caucasus and the Baku oil region, which we particularly want to keep out of German hands. It offers, after the 850-mile rail crossing of Persia, an all-water route across the Caspian and up the Volga, right to the Moscow docks. It is convenient to the important armament industries of India. Ships bringing supplies out from Britain to the Persian Gulf can take back cargoes from India; ships bringing supplies from the United States can take back manganese from the Caucasus (which has the largest mines in the world), chrome from South Africa, or tin and rubber from Malaya and the Netherlands Indies.

With the cleaning up of Iraq, Syria and Iran, the Nazi conspiracy to *disintegrate* our Middle Eastern position has been foiled (though one might consider the discrepancy between the number of German agents and "tourists" required to create the threat, and the number of British troops needed to eliminate it). There still remains the possibility, which has come nearer and nearer to a probability in recent weeks, of a German campaign through Turkey towards the Caucasus, the Persian Gulf and Suez.



Ivan Gromov, front right, aged Cossack and former guerilla, whose 4 sons are fighting in the Red Army, rides at the head of his Cossack detachment which he recruited from among the workers on his collective farm. Notice the miscellaneous uniforms which his men are wearing. Below: members of a German mechanized force watch smoke rise from the shell-shattered city of Novgorod, 100 miles southeast of Leningrad. The city is a rail link with Moscow. Notice that the tank has stopped in the middle of the open road, apparently unafraid of either Soviet air or artillery action. The soldier at the lower right is on a motorcycle.

From Papen's activity and Turkish agitation at the time of the breakthrough in the Western Ukraine three weeks ago, it looks as though Hitler's original scheme was to spring his coup in Iran and intimidate the Turks into allowing him free passage, just at the moment Russian resistance began to crumble. But Budenny rallied on the Dnieper, Germany's third big offensive petered out without any decisive result, and the Russians have taken the initiative for the present along the entire front. Turkey has been able to stall off her decision once again.

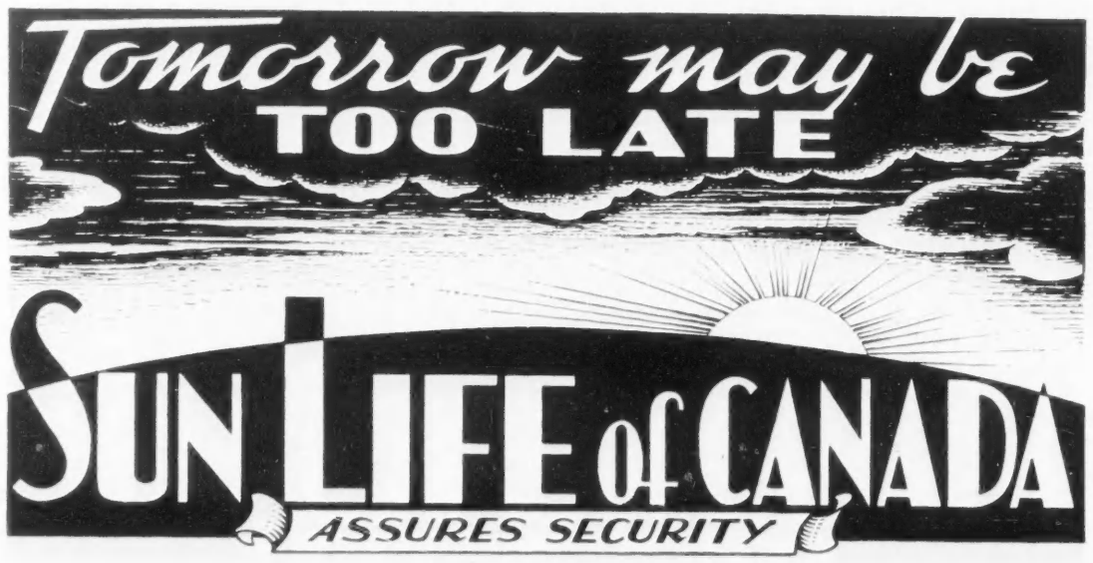
Hitler Needs Men

She has not looked quite so good in this crisis, but has shown increasing alarm and vacillation. The sudden removal of Ataturk's strong grip just before the outbreak of war has not only left the country in weaker hands but has allowed many of the younger officers and other elements to express an opposition to the Kemalist policy of friendship with Soviet Russia which they dared not show before. Worked on diligently by Nazi propagandists, Ankara shows an increasing suspicion of Russia. One can imagine how the Germans are playing on the memory of how, the last time Britain and Russia were allies, only 25 years ago, Britain promised Russia Constantinople as her share. That was, of course, because Turkey came in against us.

There is not the slightest suspicion that any such "deal" has been made this time. But there are indications that Hitler has been whispering to the Bulgarians that he might allow them to take Constantinople, a dream fostered before the last war by "Foxy" Ferdinand, if the Turks don't line up with the Axis. For his huge venture in Russia and the campaign into the Near East with which he apparently intends to follow up, Hitler needs man-power, a great bulk of man-power. That is why he has brought in the Finns, the Hungarians and the Rumanians. The other contingents, of Slovaks, Italians, Spaniards, Vichy French and whatnot, were to give his campaign the white wash of a "European crusade."

But he can't use the strongly pan-Slav Bulgarians against the Russians, so he will have to turn them against the Turks, their favorite enemies. The Slovaks, though a Catholic people, deserted at every opportunity to the Russians, and have had to be sent home. The Rumanians have shown little will to continue the fight since they regained Bessarabia. Strong rumors have cropped up that the Finns want to stop, too, as soon as they reach their former borders, and are by no means united behind Mannerheim's ambition for a Greater Finland. How much heart the Hungarians can put into fighting on the distant Dnieper one can only imagine.

With losses heavy and victory constantly postponed Hitler is going to be hard put to it to keep these little allies in the field. This dependence on allies (he also needs the cooperation of Italy, Vichy France and Spain for his Mediterranean and African plans) seems to me to be one of the greatest but least noticed changes in his situation during the past year. In his Scandinavian, his French and his Balkan campaigns he depended on Germany's strength alone. For his more far-reaching schemes today he has to persuade, now Vichy, now Turkey, now Spain, now Japan, to act when and how he wants them to. Just as he has landed Germany into a two-fronted war again, as he said he never would, and virtually brought in America against him, so he has linked Germany's fortune once more to weak and undependable allies. This, and his air power, which must become more limited as he increases his effort on land, may prove to be his weakest points.



THE WORLD OF SPORT

Lacrosse and Other Newsy Notes

BY KIMBALL McILROY

"QUEBEC teams," said an amateur lacrosse official recently, "have been a joke. Our seniors would beat them by heavy scores and there was (sic) no public interest. We always lost money playing Quebec."

Maybe the interest in recent years has come mostly from coupons. Maybe Quebec teams have been a joke and a lot of people are laughing. But a lot of others are asking what's wrong with lacrosse.

Lacrosse, in case you've forgotten, is Canada's national sport. The Mann Cup series, in case you're interested, is scheduled to begin on October 10 in Vancouver. (The Mann Cup? Oh, that's for the Dominion lacrosse championship. Haven't you been following the game?)

The time was when this would have been important news. People would have been making bets and buying tickets in advance and getting into fights in pubs over the relative merits of respective favorites. The game, and most of the executive manoeuvering, went on in the open. A dozen boys who liked the game got together and called themselves a team. There were lots of teams and lots of games. Interest and casualties were high and everybody was happy.

Then things began to happen. The distant echo of tinkling cash-registers was heard through the land. The athletic-minded gentlemen who so dearly love sport for sport's sake and, er, other reasons came merrily in. They quickly saw that fences around large playing areas were expensive, so they reduced the size of the field. That didn't work. People could still stand on neighboring hillocks and look in, for free. The sport for sport's sake gentlemen took the game indoors and further reduced the number of men per team. Twenty-four players cluttered up a hockey rink terribly, and furthermore certain enterprising promoters of professional lacrosse couldn't see any reason to pay twelve salaries when seven would do.

Lacrosse was competing with hockey without the skates or the ice.

Or the crowds.

The players thus left out in the cold lost interest. So did many of the theoretically more fortunate, with the result that players have become scarce. Teams can't be further reduced or the fans will have to be asked to take part in the games to help out. Rivalry for the services of the few players remaining has reached a point where the perennial champion Terriers from Orillia have had to quit entirely and the present champions sulked in a corner for part of the current season because a player who had been promised to them preferred instead to turn out with his home-town team.

There are a lot of things wrong with lacrosse. The most important one, however, is that "we always lost money playing Quebec." No one wants to go on losing money in amateur sport, not while government bonds are still paying three per cent.

THE House of Seagram (and a mighty nice house it is, too) has been offered and has accepted an invitation to sponsor the proposed exhibition rugby series between Winnipeg Blue Bombers and the Toronto Argonauts and Balmy Beach clubs, proceeds to be donated to three outstanding war charities. It will be novel and pleasant to hear something else besides the cash register tinkling at a senior rugby game.

The C.R.U. is reliably reported to be strongly in favor of the proposed series. Surely this can't be the same C.R.U. which only last year firmly vetoed a similar game on the grounds that it was illegal, unconstitutional, and furthermore very bad business. Someone's been reading the papers.

ON A recent military boxing card held in Toronto, the bouts were conducted in the approved army manner with the referee outside the ropes and carrying on his duties through verbal instruction alone. It worked, soldiers being in the habit of obeying orders given from some distance anyway.

This put strange ideas into a number of minds which ought to know better. Why, they asked, not conduct professional bouts in the same way? This is very funny, in view of the fact that the average professional referee can't break two fighters even with the use of both arms and a knee.

It is easy to imagine a referee, seated comfortably outside the ring, calling up to one of the boys, "Quit gougin' out his eye, Dave!"

And the fighter addressed turning with the air of injured innocence and asking, "You mean like this, Ref?" as he proceeds to gouge out the other eye.

Furthermore, this method would presuppose a knowledge of the English language on the part of both fighters and the referee.

The army rules also call for absolute silence on the part of seconds and spectators during the course of each round. Is that to be adopted by the professional game too?

THE string of injuries encountered by the struggling St. Louis Cardinals brings up the old discussion of which is the most dangerous sport from the point of view of the participant's life, health, and continued well-being. Golf probably kills more widely in a season than any other, but for obvious reasons it is not comparable. Lacrosse is a good one too, but nobody plays it any more.

The most logical claimants to the title are boxing, wrestling, rugby, hockey, and baseball. Baseball sees a lot of injuries, but very rarely a serious one, since most ball players seem to get hurt about the head. The only fatality which comes immediately to mind was Chapman of Cleveland, beaned some twenty years ago. Hockey, too, runs to lots but light. Ace Bailey being the most serious recent casualty. And Ace is still walking around.

Football used to kill thirty to fifty a year in the United States, mostly highly school and sandlot players, but these figures have been considerably reduced just how is not clear. The Canadian brand has always let the boys off easier—just why is not clear either.

Almost all boxing injuries—aside from the occupational hazard of punch-drunkenness, and others besides boxers suffer from that—are fatal and there are quite a few of them, but rarely to a topnotcher. Ernie Schaaf was the last, killed by Carnera after being softened up by Max Baer, who had killed one Frankie Campbell in California a few years before.

Apparently wrestling, the one sport wherein the participants go out of their way to avoid hurting each other, has the worst record of all. Stanley Stasiak, Jim Browning, and other first-raters have died as a result of wrestling injuries in the past few years.

TWO of our alleged Canadian boxing champions, showing little consideration for the reputation of a hard-working columnist, have conspired to make a liar out of this department by losing their titles between the time our recent list of champions was written and the time it was printed. So, in the list, for Warrington substitute Delaney as heavyweight and for Berger substitute Castilloux as welterweight.

There ought to be a law.

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THE FRONT PAGE

Unique in journalism is SATURDAY NIGHT'S "Front Page", where the events of the week are commented upon with gravity or gayety as the case may be. The Editors reserve the right to choose which attitude.

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SATURDAY NIGHT, *The Canadian Weekly*

THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY ROBERTSON DAVIES.

The Poet in the Factory

IN THE MILL, by John Masefield. Macmillan. $2.25.

IN THIS autobiographical volume the Poet Laureate tells of the twenty months which he, as a youth, spent working in a carpet factory in Yonkers, New York. It is pleasant to know that Mr. Masefield was good at his job, liked his fellow-workers, and was given two raises in pay during that time. The strong personal regard which one forms for him from a reading of his imaginative works is greatly increased by a reading of this snatch of autobiography. John Masefield is a man of vast inner resource, and it was that quality which made it possible for him to make a life for himself as a factory-worker without ever losing consciousness of the fact that such work was uncongenial to him and that he could not go on with it indefinitely.

Having temporarily left the sea, young Masefield sought work at the carpet factory, got a humble job, and quickly rose to the position of 'fault-finder,' a highly skilled position which is not as unsympathetic as it sounds. With his companions he discussed pugilism and the relative merits of England and America, but his real life was lived in the evenings and the Sundays which he spent in reading. It was in Yonkers that he discovered Chaucer, who was an 'old poet,' and Keats and Shelley, who were 'classics.' But before these he had treasured in his mind *The Piper of Arll* by the Canadian poet, Duncan Campbell Scott. It is deeply moving to read of these intellectual adventures of the young man who hoped to be a poet among the kings in the realm of poetry, but almost more grateful is his praise of two great books which are almost wholly neglected nowadays, *Trilby*, and *Peter Ibbetson* by George du Maurier. And so young Masefield read all that he could lay his hands on, and made his own first ventures in writing prose and poetry, only to be thrown into the depths of dejection by the wretchedness of his work.

Mr. Masefield has many kind things to say about the factory system of forty odd years ago, and it is interesting to read of the pride in work well done which he found among his comrades in the carpet factory. There were depressions and some discontent, but there was no striking and the general impression among the workers was that they were getting 'a square deal.' Since that time something has gone wrong somewhere, and Mr. Masefield lays the trouble at the door of men, both in Capital and Labor, who have what he calls 'a dog based view of life.' Who can deny it? But this book is the work of a man whose view of life is exalted, and in this revelation of himself he has bestowed a lasting treasure upon anyone who will read and understand.

To Correct a Wrong Impression

LADY BESSBOROUGH AND HER FAMILY CIRCLE, edited by the Earl of Bessborough and Arthur Aspinall. Musson. $4.50.

ANYONE who is interested in the social life and political history of that period embraced by the last quarter of the eighteenth and the first quarter of the nineteenth centuries will welcome this book. It corrects a few popular errors, gives new light on several historical characters, and is a lively and entertaining contemporary account of the affairs of that time. It is made up of the diaries and correspondence of Henrietta Frances Harriet Spencer, the third Countess of Bessborough and the great-great-grandmother of the present Earl, whom Canadians will remembers as Governor-General from 1931 until 1935.

Lord Bessborough's purpose in making these papers public is to correct the unbalanced impression of the third Countess given by the publication of the correspondence between her and Lord Granville Leveson-Gower, which Castalia, Countess Granville edited and published in 1916; there the Countess was shown as chiefly concerned with public affairs. In the present volume we see her in relation to her family and her friends, and depth of feeling and sympathy are added to the brilliance and political acumen which the Granville papers show. We are given a new impression, also, of her daughter, Lady Caroline Lamb, that passionate pursuer of Byron. Lord Bessborough is not pleased that his ancestress should be remembered for a vagary which occupied less than a year; it is doubtful, however, if the revelations made here, interesting as they are, will correct the popular impression, and doubtless Lady Caroline will continue to occupy a small place in history as dust beneath the chariot-wheel of Don Juan.

Historians will find these papers valuable, and the general reader will find them entertaining. Lord Bessborough and Mr. Aspinall have not hesitated to speak their minds in condemnation of books which have misrepresented Harriet, and a special scourging is given to Miss E. C. Mayne, author of that popular but inaccurate book *A Regency Chapter*. Other works more remarkable for their vivacity than their accuracy are sharply rapped over the knuckles.

Lady Bessborough was a remarkable woman in a remarkable age. Not the least of her accomplishments was her ability to maintain pleasant relations with her husband and with one or more eminent *cicisbei* at the same time. Apart from this feat of jugglery her life was a round of politics, fine society, travel, amateur theatricals, smallpox, hangings, uneasiness about mad dogs and other delights of the fashionable world of her time. She reveals herself as a charming and spirited lady, and we must be grateful for this publication of her correspondence.

• •

Olive Branch

BY OWEN MACLEAN

HAIKU POEMS, Ancient and Modern, translated by Miyamori Asataro. Maruzen, Tokyo. $3.00.

WHATEVER we may think of their foreign policy, the Japanese are intellectually far ahead of us. We white barbarians are capable of appreciating their pictorial art, but I fear that the descendants of the Sun must wait a few centuries before their literature can find a sincere following among us.

Professor Miyamori (who, by the way, is an advisory counsellor to the Shakespeare Society of Japan!) doubtless realizes this. Indeed, I suspect, in my cynical way, that this volume, 'which has seen the light through a gracious grant from His Imperial Highness Prince Nobuhito Takamatsu-no-Miya,' is intended mainly as evidence of the gentle and pacific soul of Japan. If the armed forces would co-operate with Professor Miyamori and his imperial patron, the anthology might make an excellent olive branch.

Haiku poems consist of three lines of five, seven and five syllables respectively, with no metre and no rhyme, as the nature of the language prohibits both. In this anthology the editor does his best for his barbarian audience by explanations, which are often so labored as to spoil what effect the verses have.

And it cannot be denied that they often have the desired effect, even on me. This, for instance, is an 'epoch-making' verse by Basho:

A solitary crow is perched
Upon a leafless bough
One autumn eve.

All the quality of a Jananese print is here, and I can appreciate it. But, on the other hand, here is a 'far more famous verse' by the same author, which every Japanese is said to know by heart:

The ancient pond!
A frog has plunged
Splash!

The book is liberally adorned with exquisite illustrations, which give me such pleasure that I feel fully compensated for the strenuous effort of appreciating the verses. And oh, fellow-Savoyards, there is a portrait of Basho by Koko!

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THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT IT YOU'LL LIKE

THE BOOKSHELF

Notes on the Good -- And Not So Good

BY STEWART C. EASTON

THERE is a curious, and, I think, significant parallel between the first book on my list, (*The Reverend Ben Pool* by Louis Paul. Collins $3.00) and the chief current best seller, Dr. Cronin's *The Keys of the Kingdom*, recently reviewed in these columns. In drawing attention to the spate of historical novels that have been published this year, I have previously pointed out the tendency of writers to stress the brutal facts of life while at the same time showing the two qualities that flourish in these periods of struggle.

They are of course polar opposites, the individual heroism of endurance and self-sacrifice, and the mass surrender to emotion, manifesting itself in bloodthirstiness and intolerance. The historical novels have tried to show both, but by the indirect approach to the subconscious rather than the conscious mind. Now it seems we are to have the direct attack of the religious novel which seeks to emphasize the importance of an ethical foundation for the new world that must be built up after the war. I am not sure that these writers know precisely what they are doing; it may be that I am reading too much into what they may have designed primarily as entertainment. But the true novelist must reflect the undercurrents of the feeling of his time, whether he does it consciously or not.

Dr. Cronin's book will certainly be read by millions; these cannot fail to be influenced, whether they are aware of it or not, by his appeal for tolerance and humility. Kate O'Brien's book, *The Land of Spices* failed, because the basic theme was never, I think, fully understood by its author; Dr. Cronin's may perhaps fail because he overstates the case against the worldliness of the organized Church and because his thinking is not profound enough to understand the realities of religious experience; and Mr. Paul's may fail because, despite his obvious sincerity, his sentimental approach will nauseate those who, for better or for worse, have the guiding of our destinies and prefer something with a rather more astringent outlook and a more intellectual content.

Tale of a Saint

Reverend Ben Pool is the simple story of a Congregational minister who feels that sermons and the minor work of assistance that he can perform in a constricted parish cannot fulfil the yearning that he has to better the lot of all mankind.

So he resigns his charge and goes to New York, being led by inspiration to a cheap rooming-house. Here he makes it his business to help everyone with whom he comes in contact. For one he types letters, to another he tries to interpret the world in terms of his own special vision, another he saves from suicide and helps through her illness, and to yet another he gives the first selfless love she has ever known and the child she has always subconsciously wanted.

He himself is changed by his experience, but not fundamentally—though he feels himself able to return to his parish. Indeed there is nothing fundamental in the book at all, but within its own limits it does give us a picture, sentimental, but probably true enough, of the effects of goodness upon its surroundings. It is truer than the Buchmanite works because Ben Pool makes no claims to divine guidance and attempts no proselytizing. He is just an example and a saint, and as such he cannot fail to have significance.

History But No Sex

Who Fought and Bled, by Ralph Beebe, (Longmans $3.00) though an historical novel, is quite without any significance. It is a straightforward and very naive story of two friends of contrasting types who settle a homestead in Ohio in the early days of 19th century and "fight and bleed" during the war with Indians and British in the war of 1812. It is memorably unmemorable and will, I think, only be enjoyed by boys who want nothing from their fiction beyond an adequately told story of adventure with—and this is the only memorable thing about it—no sex interest whatever, unless the semi-adoption by the friends of a red-haired child of 11 for advanced psychologists fits this bill.

The Desperate Pursuit by Neil Bell, (Collins $2.50) is a period rather than an historical novel. The background of the reigns of James I and Charles I in Great Britain is authentic, and, like everything Mr. Bell does, it comes alive while satisfactorily creating the conditions for the action. But the "desperate pursuit" of liberty that is supposed to be the theme is not striking enough, and the great company of characters are only mildly interesting. It is their personal difficulties that cause this emigration to the New World, not the surge of desire for open spaces and freedom of worship that moved so many others. Thus the universal message and its particular importance for the present time is lost. One therefore cannot count this book as significant in the sense of the religious novels above, and I do not think it will be accounted among the number of this author's successes.

Criticism Disarmed

Criticism stands abashed at the latest book of John and Erica Oxenham. (*Lake of Dreams*. Longmans $2.50.) Really a reviewer has no business with such opera. It does exactly what it sets out to do, as we are warned in the disarming foreword. It is a wholesome nostalgic sentimental story of a mutual admiration society on a Lake in Haute Savoie, presided over by an ex-business girl with the assistance of continuous tea and toast, and it reminds one once more of the ineffable beauty of "goodness" and its abundant rewards. No demands whatever are made of the intelligence, the plot reeks with ancient bromides, and everybody is simply wonderful—which will all be very pleasing to Mr. Oxenham's fans, of whom I was one at the tender age of 13. By those unexacting ones who can find escape in such literature, by patrons of the S.P.C.K. and others it will no doubt be appreciated.

Mrs. Tim (*Mrs. Tim Carries On* by D. E. Stevenson. Oxford. $3.00) is the wife of a major in the British army. Even before the war Mrs. Stevenson's stories of the day by day events in that peculiar society known as "The Regiment" had achieved some popularity. So when the war came it was to be expected that she would have something new and interesting to say about the now actual realities for which her husband had been trained so long. Her publishers seem to have been so confident of this that they never bothered to read the book before composing their blurb and offering just this to an unsuspecting reader. But very curiously, although this is a diary of daily events, for five-sixths of it one would hardly be aware that there was a war on. The locale is a small town in Scotland quite missed by the German bombers. Only right at the end does Mrs. Tim visit London and we are given some descriptions, and there is an account of Tim's escape from Dunkirk a little earlier. Otherwise there is little beyond the personal tittle tattle of the Regiment. Though the "escape" may have been necessary for the author it is most certainly a disappointment for the questing reader on this continent who will have expected, especially after the blurb, something a little deeper than this.

I can imagine many people reading through *There's One In Every Family*, by Frances Eisenberg (Longmans $3) and giving exclamations of pleasure at the realistic description of phlegmatic Joe, aged 7, and his non-cooperative ways, crying "how cute" or "how true" every now and then, and even occasionally tittering with mild amusement. As I say, I can imagine it, but unhappily I am not one of them.

From a Dream

After a careful reading of *Nickel Under Your Foot* by Charles Robbins (Longmans $3.) I still had no idea, what, if anything, the author was driving at. It didn't seem possible that he at least should not have felt there was something of significance in this emotional phantasmagoria decked out as a novel. So I was constrained to look at the blurb. Recapture of the past, I found, was the dominant theme, to which I can only reply that I gained no such impression, and I am sure no one but a publisher could. Then at last in the potted biography I discovered the key. Inspiration from this novel came from a dream. I think Mr. Robbins might have done well to keep quiet about it—or, if that were too much, how about a visit to a nice expensive psychiatrist?

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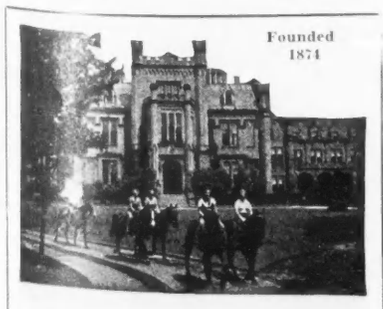
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THE WEEK IN RADIO

Canadian Air is too Full of Talks

BY FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

THERE is a growing feeling among Canadian listeners that there is far too much talking going over the air these war days.

Words, words, words! In steady succession. Talk, talk, talk! Take a look at the current week's "highlight programs," just issued by the C.B.C. Out of 28 programs mentioned as outstanding, 22 of them are talks.

There's Andy Clarke, in "Neighborly News." There's Prof. Harrison, of Kingston, talking about "Week-end in the Dark." There's that very skillful propagandist, R. B. Farrell, of Ottawa, in "Between Ourselves," and W. L. McTavish, talking from Vancouver in the "Week-end Review."

We could go on, almost without end. Speakers, speakers, speakers! Clary Settell, Eva Lis Wuorio, Elspeth Chisholm, Watson Thompson, Alan Sullivan, Dr. A. E. Willinsky.

One C.B.C. official who has something to do with the talks programs recently quite proudly announced that no fewer than 1500 Canadians had given talks over the C.B.C.

Isn't it time to call a halt on all this talking? Won't these people stop talking and let us listen quietly to the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street?

I'm quite sure that the president of the Toronto Musical Protective Association, my friend Walter Murdoch, would agree that there's not half enough music on the air these sad days.

ALL this brings to mind an interesting survey made in the United States in 1938 by the Federal Communications Commission. They found that out of 62,000 hours of programs offered, one-third of the time was used for advertising purposes, slightly more than a half was used for music; 9.1 per cent was drama; 8.5 per cent news and sport; 8.8 per cent variety; 5.2 per cent religious; 2.2 per cent special events, and 2.3 per cent miscellaneous. The remaining programs consisted of other talks described as general culture, farm, political and items of special interest to women.

Now there's no doubt that the war has changed these figures considerably. More recent figures don't appear to be available. As an average listener, I know that time after time when I sit down to listen to the radio I turn in vain from station to station to find a spot of music. In annoyance, at least two nights a week I turn the radio off with a peevish "There's nothing but talk on the air these days."

ALL of a sudden, the other day, it came upon me that the practice of broadcasting seven or eight continued stories for children, one after the other, between 4 p.m. and 7 p.m. had practically disappeared. Most of us can remember the years that an adult didn't dare turn his radio on between these hours lest he run into Hi Ho Silver, Buck Rogers and who not. Who are we to thank for this deliverance? The Home and School Clubs of Canada? The I.O.D.E? The Canadian Association of Broadcasters? The C.B.C? Or did it just occur to the radio managers themselves that they were creating a hostile audience by too many child programs around supper-time. Anyway, we're glad that's done for.

YOU and I don't have to agree, but the famous Crossley analysis of radio listening has just revealed that Jack Benny's Sunday night program is the most popular radio broadcast, in the United States at least.

Benny tops the popular Charlie McCarthy, and places the vaudeville team of Fibber McGee and Molly in third place, with Cecil B. DeMille's "Radio Theatre" running fourth.

Fifth place honors go to Bob Hope and his fast-moving gags, followed in turn by the Aldrich family, Kate Smith, Major Bowes, One Man's Family. The favorite soap operas were: Ma Perkins, Pepper Young's family, Vic and Sade, Life Can Be Beautiful and Woman in White. (One of these days I'm going to stay home all day and listen to these soap operas from start to finish.)

Our orchids still go to Bob Hawke's Sunday night show, "Take it or leave it."

ONE day this week Charlotte Whitton, of the Canadian Welfare Council, was in Toronto to confer with Rupert Lucas, of the C.B.C., about three half-hour programs in the interest of the autumn community chest drives across Canada.

Miss Whitton had a lot of ideas. She's usually chock-ful of them. She wanted to bring Deanna Durbin to Canada so that she might broadcast from her home town of Winnipeg, the broadcast to deal specifically with the child-caring agencies in Canada's Community Chests. She suggested that Raymond Massey might recite "The Children's Prayer." She wanted to arrange with Hon. Vincent Massey or Gladstone Murray to have the Queen Mother Mary broadcast from England. Best of all Miss Whitton's ideas was to have Princess Elizabeth make a plea in behalf of Canada's needy children.

In the meantime, Rupert Lucas has been given the task of preparing the broadcasts. We hope he will turn down Miss Whitton's suggestion to have some of Ottawa's bigwig politicians do a turn on the programs. We remember what the Hon. Mr. Ilsley did to the Gracie Fields-Alex Templeton show for the Victory Loan. Mr. Ilsley may be an admirable finance minister, but his talk on the Victory Loan wasn't half as effective as the salesmanship of Gracie Fields or Alex Templeton.

BY FAR the best news in radio this week comes from London, England a dispatch telling of a visit by Gladstone Murray to the General Headquarters of the Canadian army somewhere in England, for the purpose of "livening up" the broadcasts dealing with the Canadian overseas forces.

True, these broadcasts "With the troops in England" have been woefully weak. Not only has the transmission been of poor quality, which may or may not be anybody's fault, but the material in the broadcasts has been weak.

Radio has moved a long way from those days when a program was interesting when somebody shouted "Hello, Maw" through the air-waves.

WONDER if the C.B.C. has ever thought of having one of the Canadian chaplains overseas, say Rev. Ray McCleary, give a weekly chat about the men overseas. McCleary writes good letters back home. If he could put the same spirit into a broadcast, it would have good listening appeal. Or perhaps there might be found some one soldier who typifies all soldiers, who could be built up into a personality and broadcast regularly.

LAST Wednesday, to mark radio's coverage of two years of war, the N.B.C. Blue network broadcast a special hour's program, featuring most of the news commentators who have been heard over N.B.C. in that time. The program originated from New York, Washington, Hollywood, Pittsburgh, London, Berlin and Moscow. There was a pickup from aircraft at sea, and several defence plants. As an afterpiece, H. V. Kaltenborn, John Gunther, John Vandercook and Robert St. John joined in a round table discussion. The program was topped off with another trans-Atlantic broadcast between evacuee British children and their parents.

THERE will be much joy throughout the Dominion with the news that the "Happy Gang" is back on the air-waves after a few weeks' holiday. There is little doubt that this merry group of Canadian artists, Bert Pearl, Bob Farnon, Blaine Mathe, Kathleen Stokes, Eddie Allan and Hugh Bartlett, have won an important place in the hearts of Canadian listeners. There's something fresh and spontaneous about their program. Pearl, from Winnipeg, is a talented artist. He has an informality and cordiality about him that appeals.

MOST radio listeners will have sympathy for the man who was asked over the telephone the other night during "Treasure Trail" what ship it was on which Prime Minister Churchill travelled when he came across the Atlantic to meet President Roosevelt. There was $278 or some such sum for the right answer. The man thought quickly. The answer was easy: "The *King George*," he replied. Rai Purdy, on the other end of the telephone gasped. "I'm sorry," he said, "It was the *Prince of Wales*." And the man came back with, "Of course it was the *Prince of Wales*. I knew it all the time. That's what I meant to say." But he didn't say it, and he lost $278, and I pictured him most of the night kicking himself for his carelessness.

At the ripe old age of 12, Shirley Temple has quit her year-and-a-half retirement to make a "come-back" in the title role of a picture to be called "Kathleen". Note how veteran Shirley's hair has darkened.

GARDENER

HE LOOKS enviously
At his darling's new hat
And wishes that he
Could grow flowers like that!

MAY RICHSTONE.

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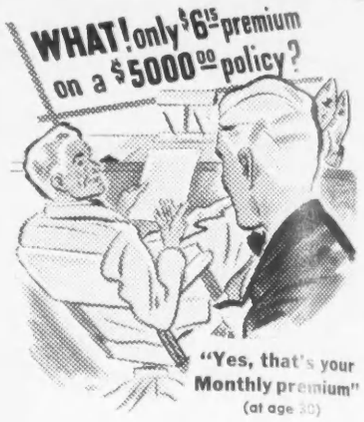

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FALL—IT'S ABOUT TIME

FOR A NEW HAT

"WHY does she wear those hats?" For generations men, the reactionaries, have been asking this question of themselves and others in tones of awe, amusement or sheer funk and sometimes, let's be fair about it, in admiration. The man who takes a firm stand and simply ignores them is an exasperating creature for whom hanging and quartering is much too kind a fate. Criticize our hats, laugh at them, berate them, swear at them if your feelings demand it, but please don't cut us to the quick by disregarding them.

There are so many reasons why a woman buys a hat. She's bored. She's in love. She's fallen out of love. Or is in search of it. It's raining, the jelly won't jell, the children have chicken pox and cook has fallen down the cellar stairs and fractured her collar-bone. She's giving herself a good time. Or perhaps she *needs* a new hat.

To most women a hat is a symbol, not a piece of haberdashery intended to cover the head, and that is why they bewilder most men. The hat that crowns a woman's head is an extremely personal expression of her individuality. If men were cleverer than they are about such things and it is a very good thing they are not they might be able to make something of that.

Literally, a new hat makes a new woman of the one who wears it and that is why the styles in millinery change with such, to men, bewildering frequency. They stimulate the bit of actress in every woman and no woman wants to play too many return engagements too many times.

For this reason buying a hat is something to be entered into in a spirit of high adventure. Those who go about it in any other way deserve just what they undoubtedly will get a sensible hat that makes as dull reading as the annual report of a bank.

Why you can almost read a woman's character in her choice of headgear. Isn't it logical a word for which we make no excuses to assume that the woman who delights in gay, witty hats will share in some of these attributes? Or that the woman who scorns the light touch here would make pretty heavy going as a dinner partner? Her hats may be as solidly worthy as she is herself, but only her friends know, or will take the time to find out, in these impatient times.

And it is here, we are inclined to believe, where men make their most serious mistake in regard to the more fanciful flights of hat fancy. They are too ready to assume that because a hat has exotic lines, is frivolous or is, in their eyes, even silly, that as goes the hat so goes the woman.

Don't be too sure about that. Perhaps the hat with a suggestion of charming lunacy that she is wearing is intended to compensate for a too sharp intelligence.

One of the many piquant anomalies of the hat situation is the many men who design these creations. They charge outrageous prices, dream up some of the most extreme styles, and, incidentally, enjoy the privilege of paying handsome income taxes. Instead of standing on the sidelines and jeering or cheering, these lads have plunged in and made our weakness for hats pay and pay.

Boiled down to its essentials, there really is very little mystery about a hat. It's only a piece of felt small enough to be folded up and put in a pocket, a small feather or a flower, or perhaps a piece of ribbon or a drift of veil. Then enters the element of hat magic. It's the knowing artistry with which it is put together by someone who knows and loves hats. It's the angle at which it tilts over the face, and the way it captures and brings out a certain charming something in that face. It is the assurance every woman needs that she is attractive. It is a change from the woman she was before.

And now, having made what we know very well to have been a vain attempt to explain a few of the rather involved motives which lie in and under the hats you see about you, we leave our male readers to their own thoughts.

What those thoughts may be, we do not attempt to hazard a guess. Perhaps they will be tinged with a benevolent attitude toward the whole subject of women and their hats. Perhaps it will prepare them for even more startling things to come. However of one thing we may be sure and there is nothing much men can do about it, except pay the bills with good grace women always will adore and wear hats that are spiced with a bit of madness.

For the pleasanter side of the hat situation, see the illustrations on this page.

THE PICTURES

A froth of golden ostrich feathers—most universally becoming of hat trimmings—is arranged over draped white jersey. Narrow dark brown velvet ribbons are beguiling additions.

At the top of the page—

Beige and brown speckled feathers cascade from top of the crown and over the brim of a pink felt hat to cast their flattering shadow over the features beneath the peaked brim.

"Winged Victory" translates this version of the pillbox in terms of Persian lamb and two flighty red wings at the side. Gloves trimmed with Persian lamb are companion pieces.

Grey felt is the material used for this tricorne, golden ostrich for the small feather. And over all is a raindrop veil anchored at the brim with a bright green velvet ribbon.

Center Left—

"Man Napper" is the name given this khaki-green felt with the flattering eye-line. Chartreuse velvet ribbon forms a nest for the small bird of very debatable ornithological origin.

Lower Left—

Stiff ruffles of black horsehair lace make a pattern of black etching over a pillbox of sleek black seal, and form a snood at the back. Jet earrings of unusual design are worn.

WORLD OF WOMEN

What Makes a Hat Becoming?

BY BERNICE COFFEY

SHE saluted us over the pyramid of hats piled in front of the mirror.

"Do come and tell me what you think of this one," she said as the saleswoman fitted a concoction of blue feathers over her head at the prescribed angle. "No," in firm tones, not waiting for us to hazard an opinion, waving the blue feathers away. "You know," she went on, as the saleswoman went off to delve for further finds, "I thought I was going out of my mind today, what with one thing and another, so I took myself aside and I said to myself, 'Alice, will you have a nervous breakdown, or will you have a new hat?' Alice decided on the hat, and here I am—a new woman."

The experience of buying a new hat does something for any woman who goes about it in a spirit of adventure and gay expectancy—provided both are backed up by a sound knowledge of why some hats live up to their original expectations, and why others do not.

We've been doing a bit of delving to find the reasons why a hat is or is not becoming, and don't try to prevent us telling all that we learned.

Never, never, never, buy a hat which you have seen on your head only when seated in front of a mirror. Get a full-length view of yourself and hat—for that is how you will be seen most of the time by others. If the shop doesn't have a full-length mirror, leave it and shop at one that has. A hat that may seem wonderfully flattering in a head and shoulder view may not be in keeping with your height and shape.

Don't expect a hat designed for pompadours or upswept hair styles to look well on a loose-flowing or page-boy coiffure. And if your hair is upswept and the hat looks well on top but unaccountably bare at the sides, try a coiffure which softens the cheek and jawline and fills up this bare space.

Those who are five feet two-ish should stifle any longings they may have for flat, exaggeratedly wide brims unless they haven't any inhibitions about resembling sawed-off mushrooms. Modified brims, especially if they have an upward heightening line, are your dish of tea.

Slight women, unless they are tall and willowy to boot, should resist firmly the temptation to wear "heavy" hats—especially if the brim is wide and slants down. Otherwise they'll be topheavy. They should seek hats with a feeling of lightness, with lines carrying up rather than down.

On the other hand those who haven't got around to reducing—but should—ought not to let themselves yield to the temptation of too-frivolous hats. They need dignity in their hats, and they need a certain amount of width in the brim to counteract the width of their figures. This makes them seem less plump by comparison, see? Again, hats with an "upward" feeling are the flattering ones. Such women need height with all concentration upward away from their figures. Don't be inveigled into wearing a cloche hat, or a very tiny hat. Neither of these is your hat.

But wide brims are made to order for tall women. They have the height to carry them without seeming to be pushed into the earth. Close brims, if not too close, may look well on them too, if the lines are generally diagonal or horizontal rather than straight up and down.

The Face

Of course, keeping all these general considerations in mind, one must not overlook the shape of the face which is to be framed by the hat.

The long narrow, rather angular face looks best when accompanied by a hat whose brim has soft curves which tend to bring out any curves there are in the face and to soften the angles. But don't wear a severely circular brim lest it emphasize by contrast all the features you would rather ignore.

Long rounded faces have much the same problems, except for the angularity. Either curved or angular brims are good as long as they stress the width of the face, rather than its height.

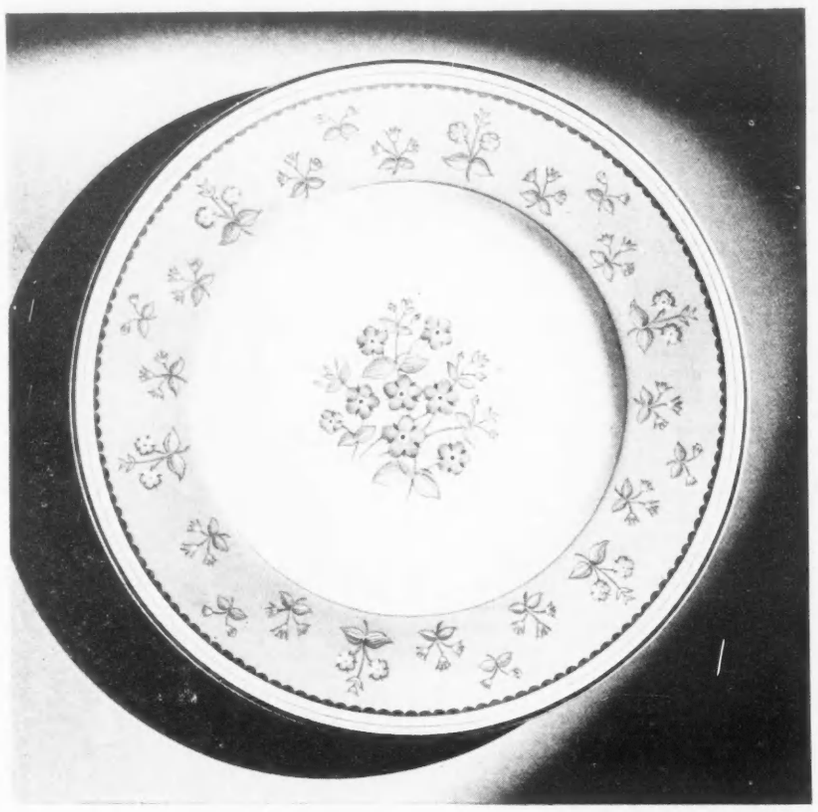
The main problem of those with long, square faces is that of softening the line of the cheek and jaw. A diagonally tilted brim will do both because it is neither straight across, nor straight up and down, but something between the two.

Those whose problems are a narrow brow and a wide jaw will find it profitable to study and perhaps change the arrangement of their hair. They might give consideration to either of two styles—a pompadour which is wider than the widest point of the face, or by a hair-arrangement concealing part of the lower face.

Those with small round faces should beware of off-the-face hats with brims that frame the entire head. Bonnet silhouettes, if the brim is sufficiently angular or square, and comes in close to the sides of the head, are fine for this type.

A cascade of iridescent brown feathers tipped with black and gold trims this turban of deep gold silk satin. The scarf is Hudson Bay sable.

WEDGWOOD



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WORLD OF WOMEN

Russian Women at War

BY NILS BERGEN

IT IS superfluous today to mention that this is total warfare and that we are all in it, men, women and children. But modern Russia has gone further than the rest of the world in this respect, for she has put women into the fighting forces. And the so-called "weaker sex" has come off splendidly in this most remarkable experiment. Not only as "other ranks" have Russian women proved themselves, but as commanding officers, organizers, research officials and even as paratroops.

One hundred and seventy women are commanding staff officers, or serve in a junior capacity in the army, and it is reliably reported that nearly one million women paratroops have been trained for warfare such as the Russians are now engaged in. If this figure is correct then the total paratroop force of the Soviet must be an enormous one.

To give some idea of the tremendous change in women's life and work, consider domestic service. Twenty years or so ago eighty per cent of the working women were employed in that capacity. Today, the figure is about one in fifty. The remainder have become engineers, tram drivers and conductors, air pilots and so on. Fifty-three thousand women physicians practise throughout the Soviet and over fifty per cent of all students taking technical courses are women.

Even in politics they have gained an equality unknown to the rest of the world. In the Russian Parliament 189 women members help Stalin push his war effort to even greater strengths and in the various soviets and states throughout the U.S.S.R. about 900 women sit in the Council Halls.

We have come to look and depend upon women more and more to step up our war production, but in the Soviet they had the idea long ago. It is difficult to obtain exact figures, but it is known that many millions of Soviet women are in war production, working under good modern conditions. When a woman comes home tired from the factory she doesn't have to start in "cleaning up" and preparing an evening meal for her family. The Communal restaurant looks after that. For a small sum she can obtain a good meal for herself and husband and children. Although more often the children will be left in a school where they receive meals as well as education. In the evening they will be brought back home.

Natasha

An examination of the history of any one of Stalin's million-women army gives a clear indication of their worth as fighting or organizing units and the immense importance attached to them by the Soviet. Take Natasha, for instance. When the Revolution came she was already, with many of her friends, a secret member. She helped as far as she could in the cause which to her seemed right and when the hubbub had subsided, found work as a tramway conductor. A few weeks of this and she left, determined to seek better qualifications to hold down a responsible job. She enrolled in a state school, working by day to earn sufficient to house and feed herself. Two years of hard work followed before she could be accepted in an engineering plant.

Since then, Natasha has worked hard, served her cause and today has an extremely important job as Charge Controller of a large munitions plant not far from Leningrad.

Medicine is another popular job with Russian women, as is evidenced by the fact that over 50,000 women doctors are licensed by the Soviet authority. Other women have risen to high eminence amongst their fellow scientists and, no doubt, can compete favorably with the Nazi inventors who answer Hitler's call for more potent war material.

Probably the finest examples of modern Russian womanhood are to be found in the pilots and parachutists of the Soviet Air Force. As anyone knows, neither of these jobs is what one might call "cushy." On the contrary the severest training of all is allotted to them. Few men can stand the strain of paratroop training and only the finest specimens of fitness remain to finish. This is also true of fighter pilots. Nerve, quick brain, courage are only three of many qualities required, at least, in the Royal Air Force. The Soviet women have them and it is from them, in many instances, that the Luftwaffe pilots are fleeing on the Eastern Front.

The New Generation

Holding rivetting machines with the practised hands of old-timers are women who, not long ago, could neither read nor write. The lives of the parents had been poor affairs, but the children got their chance under the free adult educational system. Ships for trade and ships for the battle are being turned out in large numbers. And not only are the women of Russia building the ships, they are sailing and fighting in them, too. For never was a nation so free of the old ties of sex inequality.

Wherever one finds these young and older amazons of the new Russia, they are playing their parts in a manner befitting a great nation. And whether we like or dislike Russia's way of life, we can have nothing but admiration for the way her sons and daughters have taken up the Hitler challenge.

"Women must weep" seems rather old-fashioned in Russia now.

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Get a ride and save a fare;
They give themselves a manicure
And learn to wash their hair.

They count to ten, and turn away
From Dorsey's latest tune;
And think "I don't *need* records;
He'll be home for *sure* by June"!

They cut their smokes, and send the rest.
A cigarette's so small
That you never even miss it,
But a soldier's pipe is *all!*

From Montreal and Halifax
To Crete and Singapore,
The loving little packets
Build a bridge from shore to shore.

MONA GOULD.

THE LONDON LETTER

Scientific Planning and Unscientific Muddle

BY P. O'D.

August 11th, 1941.

SCIENTIFIC planning is one of the things about which we hear a very great deal nowadays—planning of production, planning of the new cities that are to arise amid the ruins of the old, planning of social and economic relations, planning of the new Europe, planning of the new world. The bigger the plan, the better the scientific planners like it. It saves them the bother of having to go into details.

All this earnest discussion of grandiose schemes for the future may be a very good thing—it at least sets people thinking—but it would be a lot more impressive if one could see more evidence of foresight and decision in the solution of immediate and pressing national problems, where planning should be comparatively simple. But perhaps it isn't. Perhaps it is really more difficult to plan for a single industry, for instance, than it is for a whole continent—more difficult because the plan is put to the test of practical experience. You have to deliver the goods.

Take the coal industry, for instance. If there is any great British industry where planning should be comparatively simple, it is surely this one. Its resources and requirements are known. Its organization has been built up by generations of experienced and practical men.

Here, if anywhere, it should be possible to foresee what output is required, how and where it is to be obtained, and how many workmen will be needed to get it out. And yet there is in this country at the present time a sort of coal crisis, with the prospect of drastic rationing for the coming winter—and this in spite of the fact that the export of coal has been almost shut off. There are only the national needs to be considered and provided for.

There was a debate on the subject in the House of Commons last week. It cannot be said that the situation then revealed or the prospects held out for the early future were very reassuring. We are short of coal, and it seems likely that he shall go on being short of coal, unless a really tremendous effort is made. Now is the time when the winter surplus should be piling up, and it is not piling up. We are many millions of tons behind, and it is hard to see how we shall get them.

Everyone knows the reason—lack of men. Miners have been allowed to drift away from the pits by the thousands, some into the Army, some into war-industries, where the wages are higher and the conditions more attractive. Over 75,000 left the mines in the last 12 months alone; and 75,000 miners mean a lot of coal.

Now the authorities are trying to get them back, but it is proving a slow and difficult business. The Army won't release those who have joined up. Most of the others don't want to go back—not while attractions elsewhere are so strong. Only a little over 6,000 have returned.

It is hard to say who really is to blame for the situation—and not very useful, if one could. The great thing is to get the tangle smoothed out. No doubt it will be in time. National necessity has a way of cutting through such knots. But the existence of a situation like this makes a lot of the prevalent talk about scientific planning sound rather silly. The present war may overthrow a good many of the wicked old gods of the past, but there is one deplorable deity who will probably still be found firmly seated on his dusty and disordered throne, dumb but immortal — the Great God Muddle.

The Farm Laborer's Problem

People are getting a little restive under the repeated demands of the trade unions for increases of wages—already so far above pre-war standards. Every time the cost-of-living index goes up a few points, their leaders put in demands for increases to meet it, as if they alone among the various classes of the community should not be allowed to suffer any loss or inconvenience from higher prices. And, when one union goes up, so apparently must all the others.

There is, however, one class of labor to whose demands the public generally is always ready to turn a sympathetic ear, and that is the farm-workers. Compared to other classes of labor they are notoriously underpaid. They work hard and long under all sorts of conditions. Not always is the countryside a place of delight. They possess a traditional skill which is the result of years of training and experience.

And yet a first-class farmhand gets hardly more than half of what is paid to an unskilled laborer for such work as digging post-holes in a field for anti-aircraft defences. No wonder they feel that the high official praises of their work and devotion would be much more gratifying if expressed in the form of a little higher wages!

The agricultural laborers of the country are now asking for a national minimum wage of £3 a week. It is certainly not an unreasonable demand, though an increase of 12 shillings on the present one. When it was discussed in the House of Commons last week, it was supported by Members of all parties, who used as their text Mr. Churchill's recent declaration that "by the grace of God we have the greatest harvest in living memory."

It was felt that the farm-workers should be given a share of the credit. As one Member remarked, "it is wonderful what the Almighty can do when He gets a little help." It was also felt that the farm-workers should be given a share of the profits.

Probably something will be done about it—but not until the harvest is in. The Minister of Agriculture, while sympathetic, made that clear. The question comes back, as it always does, to the farmer's ability to pay. If the farmer has more to sell and gets more for what he sells, he naturally can pay more to his men. But if the prices of agricultural products go up, then up goes the cost-of-living index.

So we are back once more on the same old unmerry merry-go-round. It is the vast and complicated and almost insoluble problem of agriculture in a highly industrialized country. Someone must suffer, but it seems unfair that it should always be the farm-laborer. It is surely his turn to gain.

The Queue Habit

One of the odd British characteristics is a passion for queuing up—or should it be "queueing"? It is probably an instance of the patient orderliness that is part of the British make-up. Whether it is that or a mere matter of habit, there can be no doubt of the fact. People queue up whenever there is the least possible excuse for it, and very often when there is none—for buses, for tobacco, for the theatre, for almost anything anywhere at any old time.

Now and then it is really necessary, but most of the time they seem to do it just for fun. The theatre queues, for instance, people standing and sitting in line—sometimes for more than 24 hours, in pre-war days—to get a place in the "pit" or the "gallery" for a popular first-night.

There is a story being told of an old lady going out shopping with her basket on her arm. Coming on a long queue, she fell in as a matter of course at the end of it. After half an hour or so of patiently advancing less than a yard at a time, she asked the person beside her what was being sold.

"They aren't selling anything," was the reply. "We're waiting to be tested for blood-transfusion."

A Silly Joke

Silly sort of joke, isn't it? But I, who write this, went out not long ago for that precise purpose, and found a queue stretching halfway down the street. If I had been more patient or more patriotic, I would have spent the next hour or more working my way along to the surgery with the others. As it was, having little claim, I fear, either to patience or patriotism, I went home, firmly resolved that if I were to shed blood in that good cause, it would have to be by appointment.

Naturally, in these days of a shortage of many sorts of supply, the queuing (or queueing) habit is almost universal. You see queues everywhere—most of them a sheer waste of time. Heaven alone knows how many millions of hours are lost in this inane practice!

As evidence of just how inane and unnecessary the habit is, one can take the case of the town of Kettering in Northamptonshire. Queues became such a nuisance in Kettering that the local Food Control Committee issued a warning the other day that legal proceedings would be taken against anyone trying to form a queue or joining one.

I don't know how effective the threat would have proved in a court, but it did not have to be put to the test. Kettering became queueless over night—with no one a whit the worse for it. With everyone very much better off, in fact—the time saved and the nervous strain avoided. There must be some who find it a strain—on the temper, at any rate.

Perhaps it is too much to expect that the rest of the country will at once follow the excellent example of Kettering. But good sense has a way of breaking in, even in war-time. And this is an obviously sensible reform. A queueless England! What a soothing prospect!

Sir Herbert Paul Latham, until recently a member of the British House of Commons, who last week accepted the post of Steward of the Manor of Northstead. Currently awaiting court-martial for riding an Army motor cycle against regulations, Latham's acceptance of the Northstead Stewardship amounts to virtual expulsion from the House, for, while no British M.P. may be expelled, he cannot accept the Northstead Stewardship and at the same time retain his seat.

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Plan to see the Wedding Secretary Now.

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YONGE AT TEMPERANCE

LONDON TORONTO SUDBURY

Champagne in Vienna in September, 1938

BY LAURA BEATA

Vienna, September 30, 1938.

I STOOD at my window gazing at the darkness. It was pitch black outside and I could barely see that it was raining. The fourth day of the black-out and I was more scared than ever. It was not the bombs that might fall at any minute or the explosion that would follow, or the fire or the gas that I was afraid of: I was afraid of the dark. The black-out was there in all its newness, in all its reality, cold and clammy to the skin, petrifying to the mind. The bombs might come or they might not and there would be time to think about them when they had come in their turn.

As I stood there looking at all the nothingness, the dark became striped, striped with glaring light. Search lights were crossing the sky, practicing for what might come.

Everything was waiting for war to be declared and so was I. I wanted the war, I wanted it to come quickly, the war that would make us free.

I shut the window and turned on the light in my room. It looked surprisingly cheerful, closed into itself quite bright and happy. The table was set for two, with a chair on either side and a bottle of champagne covered with ice in an enamel bucket standing on the floor. I looked at the bottle and was glad that it was getting close to its destination. I had had it for several weeks, using it as the main decoration for my room. Nearly all summer it had been standing on a book shelf by the window catching the sun with its golden head. It stood there trying to make the room what I wanted it to be, prosperous and happy. It waited there patiently, doing its best to brighten things up. It had done its job now and it was time for it to go.

IT WAS eight thirty. Pepp was already thirty minutes late. I started to worry. I should not have let him come all that way through the dark. How could he possibly grope his way through so many streets? I should not have been such a funk. I should have met him somewhere closer to his office. Perhaps I should have stayed at home alone, leaving him where he was? If I had not told him that I was afraid in the dark, he would not have felt that he had to come and comfort me. We could just have talked to each other over the telephone. I felt ashamed of myself but that did not make me feel any better.

The door bell rang and a second later he came in. There he stood all safe and sound, beaming as if the sun were shining. And I forgot to ask him why he was late.

We put some more ice into the bucket so that only the very top of the bottle could stick out. It shone like a golden button.

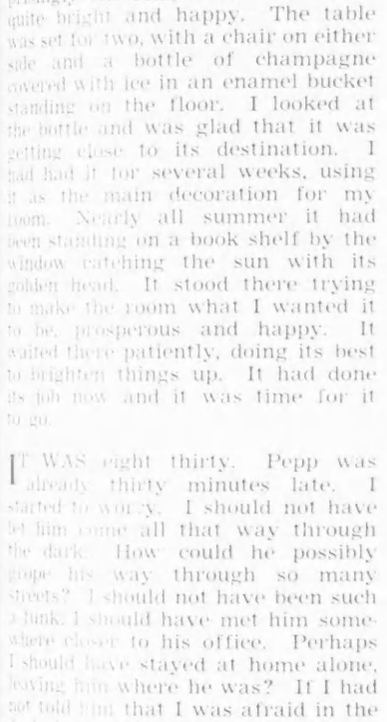
Pepp told me that it was pretty sure that war would be declared the next day. Czech planes were expected to fly over Vienna. Why Czech planes? Adolf Hitler had said so and there was nothing else for us to believe. But perhaps something would happen and they would negotiate? If war did not come then, when was somebody coming to free us? If war did come, maybe, I would not have to leave Vienna? But, but if it did come, would it be very bloody? Would they all be killed? War between England and Austria? How terrific! My parents and brothers in England and me on the "wrong" side! Pepp would have to go and fight. Fight whom? More troops would be moved. But troops had been moved so much that perhaps it would not be any different? Everybody would be wearing gas masks and I did not have one. Why did I not have one? Was it because I believed that war would not really come or did I think that I would go to a country where one did not want them? It was hard to think what I really wanted. But if war did come it would make us free — perhaps tomorrow?

THE golden top of the bottle caught our eyes and we decided that the moment had come. The ice had already melted half way down. I got a napkin and put the two glasses close to the edge of the table. Pepp pulled off the golden cover and started to loosen the cork. All four eyes were fixed to the bottle waiting for the plop and the fizzzzz. But there was a crack and a bang and a splash. Splinters of glass dropped out from the napkin and Pepp's face had become long and red. Both of us stared and saw the champagne with all its bubbles pouring over the floor, flowing like dozens of little yellow rivers.

Perhaps the champagne had been enjoying the sun for too long or perhaps the bottle knew more than we did? Perhaps the bottle knew what was happening, right then, two hundred miles from Vienna? In Munich Mr. Chamberlain was arriving to make peace with Herr Hitler.

There was no champagne for us and no war and no freedom.

That was in September 1938.



British soldiers in Tobruk have, by this time, become thoroughly accustomed to Eastern methods of travel. Any resemblance between the Tommy above, and Sancho Panza is entirely coincidental, the censors say.

THE SHAPE of THINGS TO COME

SIMPSON'S AUTUMN FASHION REVUE
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SEPTEMBER 8th TO 12th INCLUSIVE
AT 3:15 EACH AFTERNOON

Fifteen unit auxiliaries of the fighting services are sponsoring this Autumn Revue. Tickets for each afternoon are now available at the Service Desk, Street Floor. Tickets at 75c each include tea; all proceeds are to be divided equally among the fifteen unit Auxiliaries participating.

Simpson's

CONCERNING FOOD

Pick Your Pickle

BY JANET MARCH

THERE was once an English headmistress of a large Canadian school who had a passion for a particular sort of pickle only made in our house. She enlisted the maid, who was the expert on making it, on her side, so that when the headmistress came to dinner an extra large and full pot was put by her and bread was constantly provided. As she talked learnedly of higher education—and to do her justice touched on some of the lower and more entertaining aspects of it—she could be seen to be eating large quantities of bread spread thick with tomato mustard, for that was the name of her little pet. When she went home she would lift her hand-bag with care knowing that a bottle had been hidden inside for her home consumption. She would adjust her lace collar, for she had a passion for real and good lace but nearly always wore the collars pinned on crooked, feel to see if the end of her white plaited switch was concealed which it often wasn't, put on her short highly shaped sealskin jacket, and step out fortified by tomato mustard to control the destinies of the young. She was a great headmistress, with humor, energy, business intelligence, and the necessary ability to terrify. Time after time she begged the recipe and put the school cook to work, but all in vain, it wouldn't keep, or it didn't taste right. As a matter of fact it is a devil to make, but if you succeed the trouble is worthwhile.

The trick is in the tomatoes—are they wet or dry this year? If wet they must be boiled longer, and even then the brew will sometimes mysteriously not keep the way it should. Here is the recipe and if you try it I wish you luck. The result is a mildish dark brown mixture about as thick as thinnish mayonnaise which can be used on any meat with pleasure.

Tomato Mustard

6 onions
8 quarts of ripe tomatoes
1 cup of salt
1 dessertspoonful of cloves
1 dessertspoonful of ginger
1 dessertspoonful of allspice
1 dessertspoonful of black pepper
1 dessertspoonful of cayenne
A little garlic
English mustard

Boil the tomatoes and salt together for half an hour and then put through a colander, and then back in the kettle with the spices. "Let this boil down considerably" says the inherited recipe, and this is no doubt where the school cook went wrong. Just what is "considerably" when measured on the face of a clock? Somewhere round an hour or an hour and a quarter was what we guessed with fair success. Strain through a fine sieve and put back in the kettle, and add English mustard to taste, usually with us the best part of a half pound tin as we liked it hottish. Let the mixture simmer for another half hour and then bottle in smallish bottles for it never kept for very long when once it was open.

Nearly everyone has a favorite pickle or sauce. It may be Worcester or catsup which lights up the dark places of hash for you, or perhaps you like those black dripping English pickled walnuts. The famous Major Grey's chutney may be your love with its semi-sweet taste or just plain pickled onions. Anyway even if you haven't a Major Grey—I wonder how the famous Major did in the army egad!—to tell you what to do you can manufacture some form of pickle or sauce to help this winter when meat prices seem to be rising and filet mignon, which needs no trimming at all will not be seen often, at least not in these parts.

Green Tomato Pickle

With the weather going on in this very autumnal way it looks as if we were going to be left with quite a crop of green tomatoes on our hands so we might as well be all ready to deal with them.

8 quarts of green tomatoes
12 onions
Salt
¼ pound of mustard seed
1 ounce of whole cloves
1 ounce of ginger
1 ounce of black pepper
2 tablespoonfuls of mustard
1½ cups of sugar

Slice the tomatoes and onions, and sprinkle them with salt and let them stand over night. Drain in the morning and put alternate layers of tomatoes and onions and spices and sugar in the kettle. You must tie up the cloves and ginger in a muslin bag so that you can get them out again. Pour on a mixture of half vinegar and half water, unless you are using a very mild vinegar in which case it can be all vinegar. Boil till transparent and then bottle.

Chutney

30 ripe tomatoes
8 sour apples
10 onions
6 green peppers
1 pound of sugar
4 tablespoonfuls of salt
1 pint of vinegar

Cut up the tomatoes, apples, onions and peppers and put all the ingredients to boil for two hours and then bottle.

Red Pepper Pickle

Here is something hot as fire but very useful for flavoring. It will keep from year to year, for so strong is it that one lot often lasts that time. Be sure to wear rubber gloves when taking the seeds out of the peppers or you will get a horrible burn.

5 dozen hot red peppers
1 dozen onions

Put through the mincer, and cook in a quart of vinegar for fifteen minutes. Then add two cups of brown sugar, and two tablespoonfuls of salt. Boil for an hour and bottle.

Pepper Sauce

12 green peppers
12 red peppers
12 large onions
2 cups of vinegar
2 cups of brown sugar
4 teaspoonfuls of salt
4 teaspoonfuls of mustard

Take the seeds out of the peppers and cut up the onions and peppers together or put them through the mincer. Add the vinegar, brown sugar, salt, mustard and boil for twenty minutes stirring so that the mixture doesn't stick, and bottle.

• •

BABES IN THE WOOD

I'VE just been reading H. G. Wells
His latest book, in which he tells
Of two "Babes," tired of being good,
Who strayed into "the Darkling Wood."
These "babies," born of wedded folk,
Fell deep in love, but scorned the yoke
Of marriage and went off to spend,
As man and wife, a free weekend
In a cottage borrowed from a friend.

Although they lived together there
"In sin," we're told this rebel pair,
Like Adam and Eve before the Fall,
"Made love" but "nothing happened at all!"
They were too busy discussing Sex
And all the problems that perplex
The precocious post-Victorian mind,
Which seems to loathe all things behind,
And wants to shape the things to come
To a Wellsian Millenium.

The characters—all sorts and sizes
Are Mr. Wells in thin disguises,
For they indulge, page after page,
In dialectical verbiage
On ethics and sociology,
On science and philosophy,
And mystics, with a passing nod
Of generous patronage to God,
All mingled with a circumflex
Upon H. G.'s pet theme of Sex.

J. L. MILLIGAN.

SOMNOLENCE

HEAVILY over these fields
The Indian Summer lies;
The clouds droop low as weary lids
Over the tired skies,

And I must rest from longing,
And weariness, and pain,
To drink the sweet earth-fragrances
And rest my soul again.

Since out of the earth forever
Man's respite must be won,
Though he may set his dreams by stars,
And sow his seeds by sun. . .

Yet when the time is on him
To lay his dreams aside,
He will find peace where poppies blow
Up some green mountainside,

And where low winds make music
Stealthily all night long,
Lulling his tired-heartedness
With quiet song.

R. H. GRENVILLE.

CYNICAL STORY

AMBITION climbed a peak of flint
In shoes of ravelled grass;
The wind upon the barren heights
Stung like splintered glass.

"When I have reached the pleasant vale,
A thankful task shall be
To set a torch upon the way
For those who follow me.

"Here in the pass there shall be built
A shelter from the cold,
With store of wine and bread, a staff,
A new cloak for the old."

Ambition gained the pleasant vale
Grew rich, assured and sleek;
He found he had no time for such
As stumbled up the peak.

LENORE A. PRATT.

At your grocer's—18 or 100 to the package—also Tender Leaf Tea in 7- and 12-oz. packages.
Blended and packed in Canada

HERE IT IS—
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MADE IN CANADA
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THE DIFFERENCE IS ALL INSIDE!
And what a difference!
For New Improved Old Dutch Cleanser is 50% faster. It contains an amazing ingredient that dissolves grease almost like magic, giving you double-action cleaning and cutting your cleaning time almost in half. Just a few quick wipes, and sinks, stoves, bathtubs become sparkling, immaculately clean.
New Improved Old Dutch is safety itself because it's made with safe, flaky Sels-Soda and DOESN'T SCRATCH. It's kind to your hands, too.
Ask your grocer today for New Improved Old Dutch Cleanser. You'll be glad you did.

FOR 3 GENERATIONS
The Secret of Light fluffy Cakes!

MADE IN CANADA

Recipe for—
OLD TIME VEGETABLE SOUP
For the stock, cover with cold water the bones removed from a rolled roast (beef, veal, lamb or pork), or the bones from a cooked roast, or a 10-cent beef soup bone; add left-over gravy, 1 cup celery leaves, 1 onion and 1 carrot. Simmer 4 to 5 hours or overnight. Strain and cool. Remove fat from top. (Fat may be used for frying.)
Dice 1 cup potatoes, 1 cup carrots, ½ cup celery, ½ cup green pepper. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or drippings in soup kettle; add 2 tablespoons minced parsley, the diced vegetables and 3 tablespoons rice or barley. Cook over gentle heat, covered, for 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add the soup stock, 2 cups sieved tomatoes, salt to taste. Simmer for 30 minutes, covered. Add 1 teaspoon Lea & Perrins Sauce, simmer for 25 minutes longer. Serve with cheese croutons. Delicious!
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THE DRESSING TABLE

Color Goes to the Head

BY ISABEL MORGAN

EVERY fall at this time via window displays and fashion shows and all the other wiles of showmanship, we are shown the palette of autumn colors They have concocted for the coming months. We, on the other hand, regard these colors with breathless interest, nod approval at some, turn thumbs down on others, discuss them all. And then when comes the moment to choose a fine, brave, colorful hat, turn sissy and buy a "safe" brown or black hat.

A colorful hat becomes infinitely flattering when chosen with wisdom especially so with the darker clothes worn during the fall and winter months. The wisdom lies in knowing how to assess the tones of one's hair, eyes and skin so that the color of the hat dramatizes any or all of these features. Those who can lay claim to dramatic coloring can wear stronger, richer, brighter, more intense colors without danger of being overshadowed by the brilliance of the colors they wear. Those of more subdued complexion, hair and eye tones, look their best in the blended tones, pastel shades, the subtle in-betweens.

And now let us try to analyze more closely this matter of color, so that each of us may know what colors to look for and what to reject when the saleswoman begins to trot them out for examination. The first thing to decide is the feature eyes, hair, or complexion to be given importance.

How do you know that your hair comes under the classification "dramatic"? You can honestly lay claim to it being so if it is a definite color that is, noticeably white, black, red or auburn, pure gray, glossy brown, pale, golden or reddish-brown. If it's an indefinite color well, never mind, turn attention elsewhere by accenting eyes or complexion. There are all sorts of things one can do about these what are cosmetics for anyway? if Nature has been niggardly here too. Eyes may have any of four main colors. They may be blue, brown or hazel—and it's up to you to decide whether the blue, green, brown or yellow seems to predominate if you have hazel eyes.

The Eyes Have It

Let's suppose you have decided to play up your eyes as your best feature. With blue or blue-gray eyes, draw attention to them with a matching shade of blue or a lighter shade, or a contrasting color next the face, and a deep blue next the contrasting color.

Brown eyes become even more sparklingly deep if the hat above them is in any of the blues, honey yellow, browns and beiges, or greens.

Hazel eyes which have in them tones of blue or green are given new importance by blended green shades, dark browns, grays, blended blues.

And for hazel eyes flecked with brown or yellow choose from among soft browns, soft grays, yellows, soft violets.

Skin Game

But if you should decide that your complexion, rather than hair or eyes, is your strong point, here are some points to keep in mind concerning it when you are engaged in the vital business of choosing the color of hat to bring out its true loveliness:

A camellia complexion? Lucky girl, it's the perfect complexion and you can wear any color.

A magnolia complexion? By this we mean that wonderful flower-like skin with warm creamy tones. Bring out all its perfect loveliness with warm tones, clear greens and blues, browns with red tones, red with yellow tones, violets with red tones.

A ruddy complexion? meaning a rather florid skin with red or red-violet skin tones. Best for you are black, gray, olive green, gray-blue, navy blue, and the violet and brown shades with a tinge of red. And don't forget florid or ruddy complexions can be toned down by using a face powder which has been discreetly mixed with a little green face powder.

Olive complexion? that is a deep, rich skin with greenish or yellowish tones predominating in it. Your dish is any of the bright warm colors, rich dark reds, strong greens, turquoise blue, orange.

Sallow? Or in other words, a rather indefinite complexion. (It *could* be improved by careful use of cosmetics and perhaps a few skin clearing treatments.) In the meantime, look with approval on these hat colors gray blues, very pale yellows, pale yellow-greens, dusty roses, grays with a pink cast.

Drab? Who will admit it, but if you are honest with your mirror and yourself you'll realize that this is one of the most difficult complexions since it lacks any definite color tones. Be doubly careful about your cosmetics and wear soft, blended tones with a gray cast.

Artful accentuation of eyes, lips, is of double importance with a hat

—so that these features will not be forced to play a secondary role.

For a clean, even lip outline work lipstick well into the small brush

—and paint it on carefully, giving outer corners a faint upward line.

Dip puff into powder and press it in to give color more permanency

—and blot off any excess lipstick with a piece of cleansing tissue.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

McArthur an Inspired Conductor

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

THERE have been numerous discussions of late, here and elsewhere, on the place of the conductor in the scheme of things musical. This summer Toronto and Montreal have had exceptional opportunities to assess the values of various baton-wielders, but nobody is likely to definitely solve the question of why one individual should be more stimulating on the podium than another of equal musical attainments.

A few weeks ago a letter appeared in a local newspaper pointing out, with reference to a conductor who shall be nameless, that there were finer musicians in Canada than he. The statement was no doubt true, but some of the men the correspondent had in mind would be hopelessly at a loss if required to stand up before an audience and conduct a group of ten, let alone a symphony orchestra of full dimensions. Many musicians, remarkable in knowledge and creative talent, are utterly tame and exasperating as conductors. The most extensive scholarship, the most acute sensibility and taste, will not suffice to make a man a good conductor. Interpretation of a type that will grip listeners sophisticated or unsophisticated is an art in itself not to be confused with other phases of musicianship. Let us choose an august analogy; Shakespeare was an actor who knew as much about dramatic effect as any man who ever lived; but the only roles he is known to have played with any measure of competence were the Ghost in *Hamlet* and old Adam in *As You Like It.*

The point missed in discussions about conducting is that the conductor is in reality a public official. He must have the address and power to make both instrumentalists and listeners heed and focus attention. Men with the ability to do this in a supremely effective way are very rare, and emerge in unexpected places. A junior 'cellist by chance reveals this capacity and after a while becomes a Toscanini; a church organist gets an opportunity to do something different and becomes a Stokowski.

Last week at the Promenade Symphony Concert we saw an example of a young man who until a season or so ago was known only as a concert accompanist of ability and who suddenly developed into an inspired emotional conductor with gifts that will make him renowned. Nobody who heard Edwin McArthur conduct Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony and a group of beautiful lesser works doubts that. Though born in Denver, Dr. McArthur is of Canadian lineage; a fact Canada will be more willing to admit than its similar share in the pedigrees of Father Coughlin and Charles Lindbergh.

Evidently Kirsten Flagstad is not merely a great Wagner interpreter but a shrewd judge of ability; because it was on her insistence that McArthur got the opportunity to show where his real genius lay. He has not only the gift of gripping the emotions of the public, but that of inspiring instrumentalists to higher expressional flights. His conducting is not only straightforward and commanding but devoid of mannerism. Poetry, dignity and passion marked his rendering of Tschaikowsky; grave beauty Beethoven's "Lenore No. 3;" imaginative grace the Dream music from "Haensel and Gretel." Dr. McArthur has a chameleon-like gift for expressing the inner mood and color of everything he presents. Assuredly much more will be heard of him in future.

Auber Revived

Jean Dickenson is a delight because she is not only an expert coloratura singer, but embodies the joyousness and spontaneity of youth in her vocalism. She is not merely a pretty songbird, but an interpreter. In Rossini's "Una Voce Poca Fa" lovely scale singing was illumined by a radiant spirit of mischief. Benedict's "The Wren," originally sung by Jenny Lind, and "Blue Danube" had a Maytime quality of expression. Her sincerity made Donald Heins' charming and quasi-pathetic lyric "Rose of England" really moving.

Her most brilliant performance was in the rippling roulades of "C'est L'Histoire Amoureuse" from Auber's "Manon Lescaut." What was really a highly technical feat became natural girlish laughter. The revival of this famous song which dates from 1856 was a boon in itself; a reminder of a great pioneer in the realm of light music (though "Masaniello" which Wagner deemed a masterpiece was tragic). Memoirists of Paris in the days of Napoleon III invariably mention the stately boulevardier, Daniel Auber, who composed his first opera in 1811 and his last in 1869. He had an amazing retrospect. Born in 1782 he could recall the fall of the Bastille, the Terror, and succeeding dynasties. He was destined to die alone in Paris in 1871 during the Commune. The song Jean Dickenson sang was typical of the joyous Paris of the 'fifties.

The Death Toll

Death has been busy among musicians during the present year with an obituary list headed by Paderewski. England has lost three eminent composers, Sir Hamilton Harty, Frank Bridge, and Sir Walford Davies. Owing to pressure of war news, intelligence of the passing of artistic celebrities in many countries leaks out only through the correspondents of musical periodicals. Thus it was some months before tidings of the death in Holland of Tilly Hoener the great Dutch contralto reached America. Born in Java in 1873, she was a concert sensation when she first came to America in 1909. Her last visit was in 1916. She made several appearances in Massey Hall; and of late years the writer has often been compelled to admit ignorance when asked what had become of her. Her voice was glorious and she has seldom been excelled as a lieder singer.

Allusion was made some weeks ago to the death at Stockholm of the Swedish contralto, Julia Claussen. Another famous Swedish singer, John Forsell, baritone, thirty years ago a noted Figaro and Don Giovanni at the Metropolitan, also died in Stockholm a few weeks later.

A famous light opera singer of half a century ago, Hattie Delaro, died some weeks ago in New York at the age of 80. She was a principal in the first New York cast of *Iolanthe* and sang Pitti Sing in the original Boston production of *The Mikado* (1885) when the great actor, Richard Mansfield played Koko. Death has also taken Kate Condon, contralto, a noted Katisha with DeWolf Hopper and also remembered as a comedienne with Fritzi Scheff. It will surprise many to know that the latter is still acting. During August she played the role of the ex-opera singer who is murdered in the first act of the grim melodrama "Ladies in Retirement."

Redfern Mason, a music critic formerly very well known in Toronto, died some time ago in San Francisco where he had long resided. He was born in Manchester, but as a young man joined the staff of the Rochester *Post Express.* He was a great admirer of Dr. A. S. Vogt and the Mendelssohn Choir, and it was he who named Toronto as "The Choral Capital of North America." Another musician, well known to many Canadians who used to attend his summer school at Concord, Mass., Thomas Whitney Surrette, is also gone. Giuseppe Boghetti, the first teacher of Marian Anderson, and also the instructor of Jan Peerce and Helen Traubel, is one of several singing specialists who recently died.

Emma Boynet, pianist, is soloist at the Prom on Sept. 11. The guest conductor will be Sir Ernest MacMillan.

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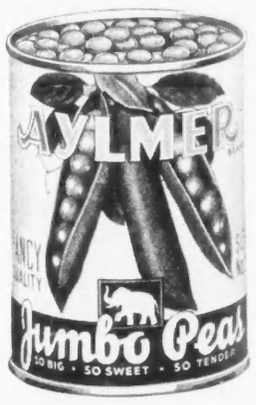

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"THE BACK PAGE"

The Compleat Wangler

BY W. SHERWOOD FOX

AS EVERY reader knows, good old Isaac Walton, though doubtless a fine fisherman, was a shockingly bad speller. In fact he was so bad that one might have license to suspect him of mis-spelling the title of his famous treatise. "The Compleat Angler," he wrote it. How much more truthful and alluring it would have been had he written it "The Compleat Wangler!"

Indeed, does not the very nature of the pastime—or the trade, as the case may be—uphold this spelling? For what is *angling* but *wangling?* "Ensnaring silly fish," says Thoreau. The whole vocabulary of angling proves the case. Lure, coax, wheedle, entice, snare, attract, deceive, entrap, bait, snag—everyone of these suggests endeavors to outwit and hoodwink fishes to their end in a creel or on a string. And what is all this but wangling—deceit of the basest kind?

The angler wangles many more things than fish. None is more expert than he in wangling time. No office boy was ever so adept as the angler in inventing grandmother's funerals. Without the slightest twinge of conscience and within a few minutes after declaring himself too busy to attend even the most important committee meeting, he will suddenly discover, upon receiving an alluring invitation to join an angling party, a great unoccupied gap in his program. If he is an employee he suddenly reveals the most remarkable gift of persuading his employer that it would be little short of a crime not to release him. If he is an employer, he has nobody to persuade except his wife and his business conscience, which of course are negligible compared with the importance of his enterprise.

That the fisherman's word is notoriously untrustworthy is one of the stains on modern civilization. You may accept the word of your banker, your solicitor, your bosom friend, yes, your parson, which he makes as banker, solicitor, bosom friend and parson, but every word he utters when outfitted in his angling gear and garb you receive with a damning arching of the eyebrow. And why? You feel that at bottom his sublime avocation is not angling, but downright wangling.

But can you blame these friends for their double-facedness? No, not altogether. In part you pity them for having been brought up in an evil school which trained them to be Jekylls and Hydes. The original textbook of that school—the source of all their modern textbooks and instruction—is that nefarious treatise in deception and untruth, "The Compleat Angler"—pardon me, I meant "Wangler."

Walton and his blind, perfunctory followers have commended angling as an occupation that is almost divine. Fishing with artificial fly they extol as the very highest form of their art. Art, forsooth! What is it but a cold-blooded resort to a deceitful diabolical contraption? On the face of it it is a brazen pretence. Those who cunningly contrive it despise the lowly worm which after all is natural and what it appears to be. Their contempt for the worm is exceeded only by their contempt for those who stoop to the truthful practice of using it. But a man-made fly is the very summit of artful misleading. Centuries of using it cannot but have a corrupting effect upon society's sense of truth. And all this has taken place in the name of uplift of souls and mind. But nobody has yet proposed, in the interest of public morals, to put The Compleat Wangler on the pyre.

NOTHING better can be said of the countless varied baits of these ingenious modern days than can be said of the artificial fly. If the latter is in any way superior to these others it is in possessing the charm of beauty. But is beauty a legitimate excuse for untruth? However, one good thing can be said in favor of the contriver of the fly: he really tries to produce something that looks something like one of Nature's realities—except in the case of such impossible nightmares as the Jack Scott, Pope's Green, Nondescript, and Hackum Peckum, green or yellow or red.

But the maker of the modern type of lure does not even try to reproduce reality or beauty; he is an artisan, not an artist. The objects he turns out resemble nothing that God ever planted in any of the many waters He placed between the earth and the firmament. The whole theory of its making is based upon opportunism, which in other spheres we do not hesitate to call immoral. The essential wickedness of Satan is, according to Milton, that he said: "Evil, be thou my good." Is not that precisely what the angler says in principle? He makes untruth and deception the basis of his pastime and then brazenly says that the practice of it raises his meditations to the sublime levels of the Divine. Let us know him henceforth by his true name—Wangler.

BUT we must not forget that we are discoursing on The Compleat Wangler. To be *compleat* a story must tell both sides of its subject. And to this story, as to every other, there are two sides. If the *Wangler* is one side, the other is, by implication, the *Wangled*. Unfortunately, to make the ethical tangle all the worse, the Wangler himself is as much the wangled as is the fish. Truly this enormity of angling and its far-reaching evil effects upon the fabric of society have never been fully realized. I doubt very much if Wanglers are even dimly aware of the degree to which they are themselves wangled.

The victimizing begins innocently enough right in the circle of one's most trusted friends. Chief among these is the friend who unintentionally fools you by promising too much. He is the fellow who guides you to a certain lake where he can guarantee you a catch—no, not a mere catch, but a huge one, the kind that endows angling with its romance. "The place has never been known to fail," he says with the finality of one who has finished the transfer of a substantial property and has delivered the deed signed, sealed and registered. A few years ago a friend—yes, and still a friend—thus handed over to me for a day a "guaranteed" lake in Quebec. After he had completed his directions I saw the trout not merely in the creel but served up on the platter with all the proper trimmings. "I was there only two days ago," he said with conclusive reassurance; "and I know what I'm talking about."

Well—to make a long story and a steep climb short—I rose hours before dawn, drove thirty miles into the virgin forest, scrambled for two hours over a fifteen hundred foot mountain and descended to the shores of the delectable pool of absolute certainty. Here was the consummation of dreams. Israel did not welcome the Land of Promise with greater gratitude.

BUT actual experience is the measure of angling as of all other worthwhile things. Not a fish could we raise. We cast all morning. When the sun stood burning at the zenith our flies were shooting back and forth like the arrow that flieth by noonday. Late in the luckless afternoon we suddenly ran into the explanation of the failure of the guarantee. Lying on the shore we found a heap of net leads and floats, and a few rods away, hidden beneath a boulder buried amist the alders, a rolled-up seine. Only the day before poachers had invaded the sanctuary of certified catches. In our creels we bore away, instead of a great catch, a great lesson—the conviction that certainty of a good haul in fishing is one of Nature's facts that ain't so. Thus with a good natured gr'n we kept still untarnished our faith in angling. Yes, we had been completely wangled, hook, line and sinker, into the effort and expense of the trip. But what a glorious adventure we had!

BUT the wangler need not go to the house of his friends to be wangled. Traps are set for him on every hand. Let him but enter the house of fishing tackle and he will find himself surrounded by a myriad of snares, nominally snares for fish, but actually designed for the catching of fishers. And how avidly they bite! Every tackle catalogue is filled with baits for human suckers. Here are two chosen at random.

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ALL this looks like a sorry indictment of angling, and all its associations. But we—we hardened wanglers, I mean—what do we do about it? Well, we just chuckle good-humoredly over the delightful moral contradictions of our pastime. We know that this net of deception and hoodwinking is really not at all what it seems to be. It is just a convention of a game that we must accept if we are to play the game at all.

Yes, it is just as much a convention as are the evil deeds that take place upon the stage. We know that Casca's dagger does not actually pierce the breast of the Caesar who falls dead in the scene before us; that Lear is not going out into real storm and tempest when his daughters drive him off the boards; that after her rendezvous with Faust nothing dreadful really happens to Marguerite behind the scenery. And yet we are profoundly moved by all this fiction being acted before our eyes, and our emotions and thoughts are purged by it. We accept these things as a necessary device of drama. So, too, we anglers accept the deviations from strict verbal and arithmetical truth that are common to our brotherhood as unavoidable accessories of our play, and believe it or not! we are better for them. "A defective logic is a born fisherman's portion. He is a pattern of inconsistency." So writes Bliss Perry. And what better authority could one have?

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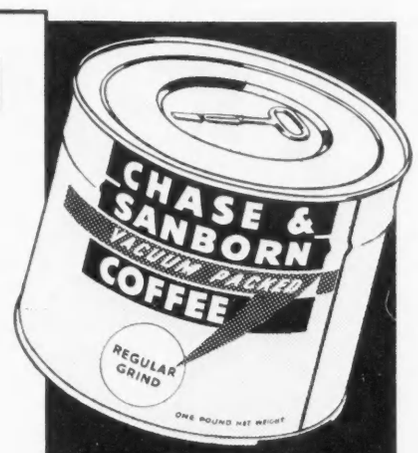

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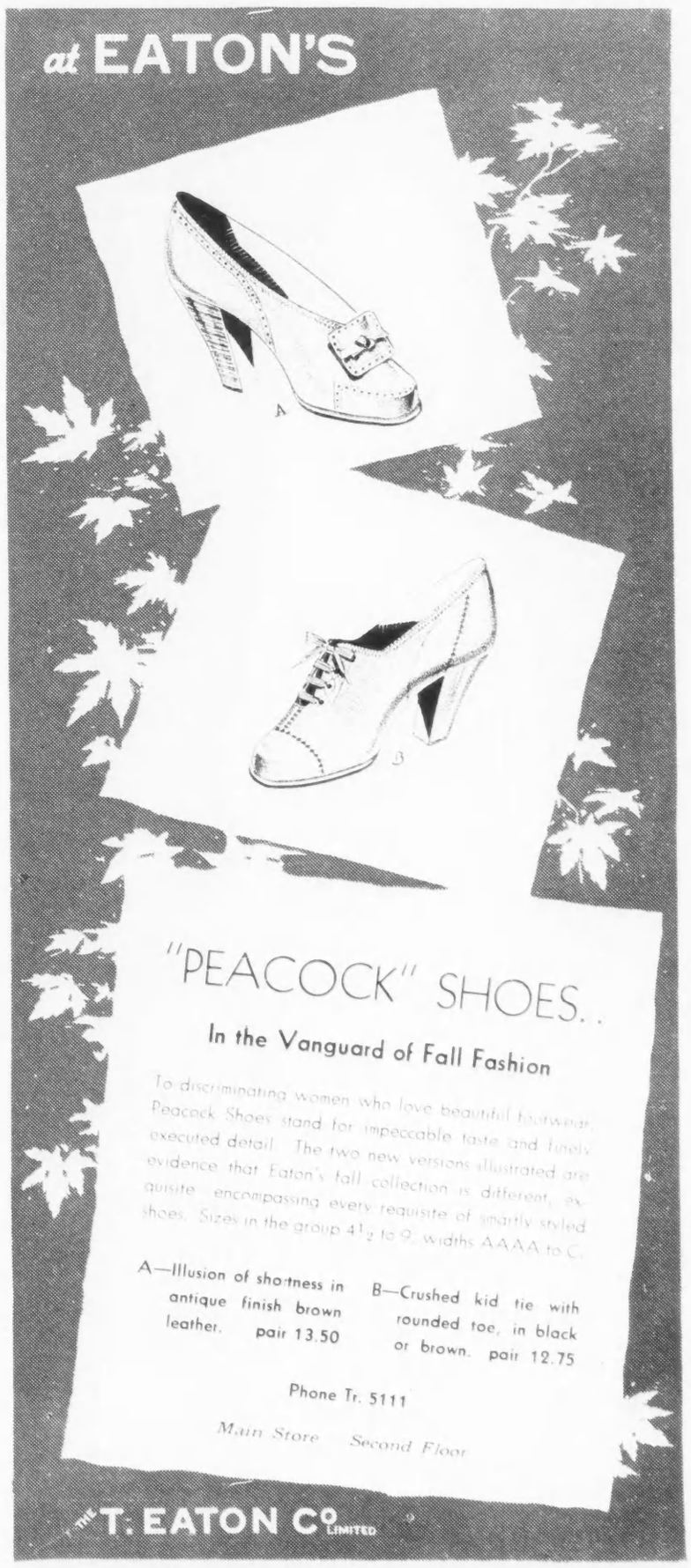

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GOLD & DROSS

Safety for the Investor

SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, SEPTEMBER 6, 1941

P. M. Richards, Financial Editor

Rent Control and the Building Industry

Spurred on by hatred of the Russians and the rankling of the harsh peace treaty with which the Russians concluded the Russo-Finnish War, Finland has again taken up arms against her traditional Red enemy, this time fighting with the Nazis on the northern front in the drive on Leningrad. This is a Finnish artillery post on the Karelian Isthmus, evidently far behind the front lines for the men wear no helmet camouflage.

Highly essential to the defence of Finland to the east is the narrow Karelian Isthmus which, fortified, proved such a hard nut for the Russians to crack in the Russo-Finnish war. When, exhausted, Finland had to concede defeat in that War, Russia took the Karelian Isthmus. Now, in the fighting in the north, Finland has retaken the Isthmus. These are former inhabitants of Karelia returning to their evacuated homes.

President Risto Ryti of Finland, right, with his aide-de-camp, Major Karl Ake Sloer, study a war map. Soviet Russia invaded Finland on November 30, 1939, beginning by bombing Helsinki three times during the first day. On December 1, a National Government was formed, comprising all Finnish political parties, under Dr. Risto Ryti, former Governor of the Bank of Finland. Russians set up a "Finnish People's Government".

BY FRANCIS FLAHERTY

Here, in clear-cut fashion, Francis Flaherty reviews the operations of rent control in Canada.

His conclusions: rent control has tended to favor the large, rather than the small operator; it has curbed speculative building and building for rent, but has had no effect upon home-owner building; it is not likely to outlast by any great length of time the particular conditions which brought it into being.

THREE separate governmental agencies, National Housing Administration, Rentals administration and Wartime Housing Limited, named in the order of their creation, are busily attempting to see that every Canadian family has a reasonably comfortable and healthful home at a price it can afford to pay.

Each approaches the problem from a different angle and each is concerned with a special phase of the main problem. If a certain amount of friction develops from their separate activities no one need be surprised and if friction comes to a head the result will likely be some centralization of control.

The national housing administration was created in peacetime under the National Housing Act and administers dominion government guarantees on loans for residential construction. The Rentals administration is a wartime creation which pegs rents in areas where congestion threatens to send them to unduly high levels. Wartime Housing Limited is a government owned corporation charged with the responsibility of erecting temporary housing for war industry workers in areas where it is needed.

The construction industry can and should be one of the main balancing factors in the national economy in the uncertain period of readjustment which lies ahead and the building of new homes is the most socially useful way in which that industry may be employed. Consequently the development of factors which may affect the industry, particularly in relation to house building, is one of the matters which must engage the attention of those charged with post-war economic planning.

Rent control is a new factor among the normal factors which influence building activity. It is in effect in some 20 localities and is possibly the most drastic interference with the law of supply and demand yet undertaken by the administration to meet war conditions.

The prime objective is to prevent a sharp rise in rents which would add fuel to the flickering flares of inflation and make them more difficult to control. Unequal bargaining power between landlord and tenant when a housing shortage develops is advanced as warranting the intervention of rent control. Houses simply can not be shifted from one city to another when a local shortage occurs and consequently there is no way of meeting a shortage by means of a slight increase in price as is the case with movable commodities.

Building Lags

The house supply in Canada was none too abundant at the start of the war. For some years new construction failed to keep up with the need. It is estimated there are some 2,200,000 houses in the country. Allowing them an average life of 50 years some 45,000 new structures are needed each year for replacements alone and building has fallen far short of that.

When the war brought sudden ev

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Truly a New World

BY P. M. RICHARDS

A FEW weeks ago, under the heading "Democracy Worth Fighting For," I discussed in this space the lack of enthusiasm for the cause of Democracy in this war as evidenced by the slow rate of recruiting as compared with the last war, and argued that it was due to failure on the part of the youth of today to appreciate the manifold social advancements made under Democracy, the fact that these gains are continuing at an ever-accelerating pace, and the better world they promise for the future.

In last week's issue (on page 2) we published a letter from a reader signing himself "H" who said that talks with many people had convinced him that the main reason for the lack of enthusiasm for the war was a general mistrust "mistrust in what the war is about, mistrust of postwar treatment, mistrust of government plans and efficiency, etc."

Mr. "H" went on (referring to what I had previously written here): "Undoubtedly, great progress has been achieved under Democracy under the 'free enterprise' system, but I don't think the best way now to adequately present the Cause of Democracy and arouse enthusiasm among those from whose ranks recruiting is expected, lies in emphasizing all the wonders and improvements in social life that have been enjoyed by a large number while too many of our people are still sharing but little of these benefits, and living in insecurity. Rather will the Cause grow and gather momentum by stressing the social improvements that we all have a right to win and are one and all pledged to attain. . ."

Improvements Yet to Come

Evidently I did not make myself clear in my article about Democracy being worth fighting for. I had intended to make precisely the point Mr. "H" makes when he says that the right thing to do is to stress the social improvements yet to come. My argument was that Democracy's free enterprise system has resulted in important social advances in every sphere, not only in the fields of aviation, radio, etc., but also in those of economic security, health and education; that the achievements of science are constantly opening up new avenues of progress as well as extending old ones, and that the Cause of Democracy in this war, as I see it, is maintenance of the right (which Hitler seeks to deny us) to win and enjoy the new kind of world that scientific progress is now bringing into view.

Mr. "H" says that too few people are sharing in the benefits won to date. I disagree there; we are *all* sharing—one has only to consider the position of the working man today, in work or out of it, compared to what it was fifty or a hundred years ago. If he says that the benefits do not satisfy the needs of a great many of the people, I admit that he is right, but in answer I say, give us time; there can be no disputing the fact that very important progress is being made, and (I quote from my article that Mr. "H" refers to) "it seems more than foolish to condemn the system for what it has *not yet* accomplished, when the path of progress is so clearly defined."

The World of the Future

The "general mistrust" which Mr. "H" speaks of is unquestionably a fact; people everywhere are mistrustful of the promises of social improvement after the war so glibly made by politicians and others. Everyone remembers the great depression and the oft-repeated statements that prosperity was just around the corner. Everyone recognizes that the end of the war is going to bring terrific problems of readjustment. It is not to be wondered at that there is doubt and discouragement regarding the future. But even so, this is surely no reason for apathy regarding our war effort. Unfortunately it is true that victory over Hitler will not automatically bring Utopia in its train. But without victory we have nothing; we are reduced to the position of the people of Occupied France today. Victory will enable us to carve out our own destiny.

And really we should not be discouraged regarding the future. We have the fact, as yet realized by all too few, that the world of tomorrow is truly a new world, in which for the first time in history man will have the scientific knowledge and the means to transform the old world of scarcity into a new world of abundance. This is a fact of the greatest possible importance, which should be kept in mind in all attempts to appraise the future. Of course we shall continue to make mistakes, but we shall progress, probably faster than the doubters now think. And our progress *will* be faster—obviously we shall do a much better job both in the war and after it—if we all pull together.

I believe that we urgently need a campaign of educational propaganda. The lads of today have never known any other peacetime condition than that of business depression and unemployment. They must be made to understand that they are not asked to fight to perpetuate that condition, but to bring the world of the future into being.

pansion to industrial centres such as Hamilton and centres of civil service, naval, military and air force activity such as Halifax, Ottawa, Trenton and Barrie new people arrived seeking accommodation while old residents who, because of lack of income, had doubled up with friends and relatives, became prosperous and sought homes of their own. Landlords asked more for their properties and tenants were forced to pay until the rentals administration stepped in to fix all rents at the level prevailing on a date prior to the congestion and to establish a local committee to deal with disputes.

A somewhat similar procedure is now proposed for the United States in a bill prepared for submission to state legislatures by the Consumer division of the National Defence Advisory Commission. The American plan differs from the Canadian practice in that it calls for creation of rent commissions for the states instead of a single national body in Canada. Another and perhaps more significant difference is that newly constructed dwellings are specifically excluded from control. Thus it imposes no check on new construction.

Apart from almost universal satisfaction to the tenants and some annoyance to landlords it is too soon to appraise the results of rent control operation in Canada. Building permit statistics, however, show that it has not operated to stop house building in the areas in which it operates. For 18 control areas residential construction in the first quarter of 1941 had a total value of $2,833,634 against $1,766,149 in the first quarter of 1940. Among the larger centres under control Ottawa, Calgary, Vancouver and Victoria showed substantial increases and Halifax alone showed a decrease.

Fire Sale Prices

Loans made under the National Housing Act are up but the increase is due to a much greater volume of home-owner building which outweighs a sharp decline in homes erected for the purpose of renting. This tends to bear out the argument of rent control critics that control discourages building for rent. A noticeable firming of the market for older houses has taken place in areas under rent control but can scarcely be regarded as a consequence of control. It has enabled trust companies, estates and other unwilling holders of property to liquidate their holdings at something better than the fire-sale prices they would have been forced to accept a year or so ago.

Rent control makes an effective check on building booms in areas of war congestion. It does not pay to build even the cheapest kind of houses for rent in war-active centres because the long term outlook for occupancy is not good and rent control prevents the fixing of rents at a level which will permit of short-term amortization. Rent control also appears to have discouraged speculative building. Builders of houses for sale now tend to look for firm contracts before starting operations.

The increase in building by owner-occupants should have a stabilizing effect on the centres in which it occurs. This is due to improved incomes, the shortage of accommodation available for rent and, possibly, to a measure of doubt in the ability of the rentals administration to keep rents from rising.

The long range outlook for residential property ownership and house building is beclouded by the same uncertainty which prevails with respect to business generally but there are certain special factors worth noting.

High taxation on both incomes and property may be expected to continue with a possible tendency to ease the burden on property at the expense of incomes. This will bring the low cost house to the fore. The number of people who can afford more expensive homes is likely to be decidedly limited. The problem of providing modern, sanitary homes for low income people with which governmental authorities made some attempt to deal before the war will be more insistent. More extensive measures of governmental intervention may be found necessary. The need for low cost production of homes will lend emphasis to standardization and pre-fabrication now being employed by Wartime Housing Limited in erecting temporary homes for war industry workers.

Large Operator Favored

These factors will tend to favor the large operator whether in the field of construction contracting or the manufacture of building materials as against the smaller operator whose resources permit of less in the way of mass production.

Another possible factor in favor of bigger as against smaller concerns is that the former may emerge from the war period in better condition. Practically all the big contractors are now fully employed on war jobs. Some smaller operators have less work than they would like. Generally speaking, however, the construction industry should enter the post-war period with plant and personnel fully up to scratch and ready to turn to house construction or whatever peace-time tasks may present themselves.

The dominion government's pre-war housing policy as expressed in the National Housing Act and the Central Mortgage Bank Act was to encourage investment of private funds in real estate by lessening the risks and increasing the negotiability of interests in real estate. If rent control discourages building residential property for rent and also discourages speculative building it would appear to operate to some extent at cross purposes with the pre-war policy.

The rentals administration is prepared to give a vigorous denial to any suggestion it is frightening capital out of residential property. The case for rent control on this point may be stated something like this: it has not turned any good investment into a bad investment but it has prevented bad investments from being turned into good investments by war-occasioned housing shortages; it has not narrowed the field for investment in residential property although it may have prevented an unsound enlargement of it.

Rent control was established in Great Britain during the last war and applied to the entire country, not to specified areas as in Canada. It was never removed. The possible permanence of rental control here is a direct concern of all property-owners, municipal authorities and the building industry.

At this stage it appears control is unlikely to outlast by any great length of time the particular conditions which brought it into being. For one thing no permanent administrative organization exists. It operates on a shoe-string as far as cost is concerned. No vested job-holding interest has been created.

It is administered mainly by judges, court and municipal officials who receive no special remuneration for their work. They are glad to give their services in wartime but when the war is over will be quite happy to see rent control vanish. Control was established to curb a seller's market in the interest of the buyer and is likely to disappear when the market again favors the buyer, in this case the tenant. When the economic rent as determined by conditions of supply and demand falls below the pegged level in any locality the local rentals committee will cease to get complaints from tenants and applications for increases from landlords. The system, if not officially abolished, will probably fall into disuse.

The existence of the peg, however, may operate somewhat to the advantage of the landlord on a falling rental market. The increased number of homes owned by occupants will tend to stabilize conditions and make the drop more gradual than would otherwise have been the case. In addition the peg gives a certain official status to what is roughly computed as a fair rent and more than ordinary pressure may be required to break rents down through the pegged level.

Wounded Italian soldiers attend a concert in hospital. Only those whose heads are shown in circles were able to manage a smile for the picture.

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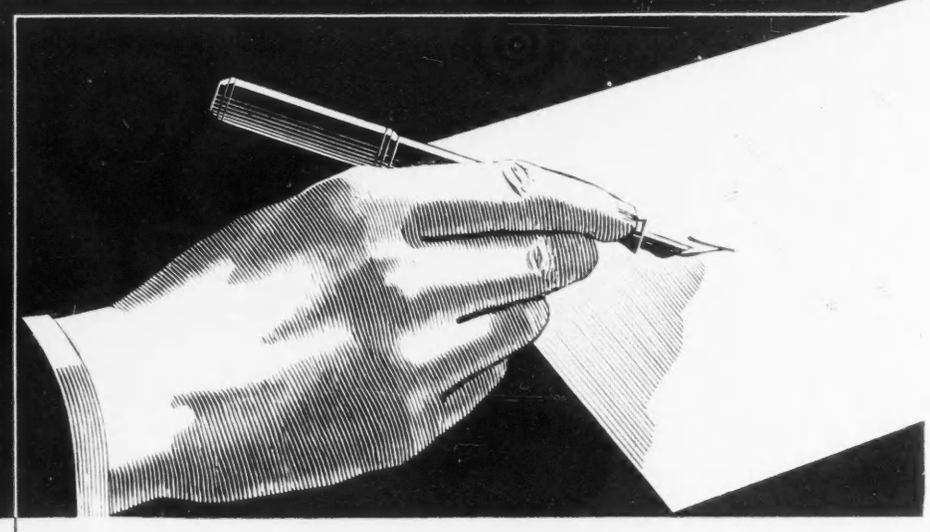

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SATURDAY NIGHT

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HOW TO KILL TWO BIRDS—

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

NATIONAL GROCERS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Your opinion on the following question will be appreciated: do you think the stock of National Grocers has any attraction at the present time? What are the prospects of a dividend?

—G. F. C., Halifax, N.S.

Despite the low market price in relation to earnings, I think the common stock of National Grocers has below-average appeal. The possibility of a dividend payment is remote. My reason for making this prediction is that the company has never paid a dividend on the common stock and the outlook for an improvement in net is not encouraging enough to warrant your being optimistic about such a payment.

Earnings in the current fiscal year will have difficulty in running level with the 88 cents per share earned in the period ended March 31, 1941, for, although demand prospects are favorable and shipments should run well ahead of last year, increased costs and taxes will retard any earnings gains.

National Grocers owns or leases 32 wholesale branches in Ontario and owns a manufacturing plant at Toronto where coffee, tea, spices and extracts are prepared for marketing under the trade-mark "Gold Medal." The company serves 10,000 retail grocers in Ontario.

UPPER SEINE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would much appreciate information regarding the present standing and future prospects of Upper Seine Gold Mines Ltd.

J. W. B., Hamilton, Ont.

The prospects for Upper Seine Gold Mines appear rather interesting. The property is equipped with complete mining and milling plant. While operations were on a reduced scale last winter, due to poor transportation facilities, the machinery was overhauled, adjustments made to the mill, and timbering completed to the third level and stopes opened. The changes made are expected to increase recovery by at least $3 per ton.

Ore is now being milled from the third level where development is proceeding and this is expected to considerably improve the position of the mine. An increase in daily tonnage is expected shortly. The mill has a capacity of 50 to 60 tons but this could be readily raised to 100 tons daily when development warrants same. In the opinion of Murray Kennedy, mining engineer, who reported on the property last spring, it could be placed on a paying basis in about three months with a small amount of work and little expenditure of money. Over 30,000 tons of ore grading better than $15 is estimated as indicated. With ore from the third level now going to the mill, shaft sinking to deeper levels is planned.

An interesting surface find was recently reported from two claims, restaked this spring and adjoining west of the main holdings. The company has almost half of its authorized capitalization yet in the treasury.

NEW RIBAGO

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would be pleased to have your opinion of the prospects for New Ribago, which company some time ago acquired the assets of the Ribago Copper Corporation. Kindly state the basis on which New Ribago took over the original company.

—B. A., Victoria, B.C.

Little can be said about the prospects for New Ribago Mines until further exploration has been completed. The company has been inactive for some time and previous work failed to indicate anything of commercial importance. I understand a contract has just been awarded for 5,000 feet of diamond drilling. A couple of holes were put down late in 1939 on a new discovery and one of these encountered low gold values at a depth of about 600 feet.

In addition to the twelve claim group in Beauchastel and Rouyn townships, about 1¼ miles southwest of Waite Amulet, the company controls the Dufresnoy Mining Syndicate and Continental Copper Mines, both of which hold a large acreage in the Rouyn area. A 40 per cent interest is also held in the issued shares of Blue Star Mines, adjoining Wendigo Mines, in the Kenora district, northwestern Ontario.

New Ribago succeeded Ribago Copper Corporation on the basis of one new for four old shares.

NORTHWEST TERRITORIES

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I am interested in a small way in gold mining in the Northwest Territories, particularly the Yellowknife section, and would appreciate any information you have available as to the number of producers at present, or in sight, the amount of output and whether any prospecting activity is underway. I enjoy your paper very much, particularly your Gold & Dross pages.

W. O. M., North Battleford, Sask.

Five gold mines are now producing in the Northwest Territories the Con, Negus, Rycon and Thompson-Lundmark, in the Yellowknife area, and the Slave Lake Gold Mines property on Outpost Island, with two others—Ptarmigan Mines and Giant Yellowknife Gold Mines, installing mills.

The Thompson-Lundmark mill just commenced last month with a capacity of 125 tons, but a daily rate of about 90 tons is expected to be handled. Ptarmigan is installing a 100-ton per day mill and a 25-ton mill is being constructed by Giant Yellowknife.

The rise in gold production in the Northwest Territories is a reflection of the steady growth of the Yellowknife area. The four mines in operation in the first six months of 1941 had a production of 31,001 ounces as compared with 24,799 ounces in the first six months of last year, a jump of 6,202 ounces. The capacity of the Con mill is being stepped up from 100 to 350 tons daily to meet the wartime demand for gold.

It is reported that prospecting is active throughout the whole Yellowknife area and that a number of promising prospects are under development.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Quarterly Dividend (No. 52) of 1¾% upon the outstanding Preferred shares of the Company has been declared, payable, subject to the approval of the Foreign Exchange Control Board, on the First day of October, 1941, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on the Fifteenth day of September, 1941.

NOTICE IS ALSO GIVEN that a Quarterly Dividend (No. 49) of 25 Cents per share on the No Par Value Common shares of the Company issued and outstanding, has been declared, payable, subject to the approval of the Foreign Exchange Control Board, on the Thirtieth Day of September, 1941, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on the Fifteenth day of September, 1941.

By Order of the Board
L. N. WILSON
Treasurer

Calgary, Alberta,
August 29th, 1941.

GATINEAU POWER COMPANY

Notice of Dividend on 5% Cumulative Preferred, 5½% Cumulative Preferred and Common Shares

Montreal, Canada
August 22, 1941

The Board of Directors has declared a quarterly dividend of $1.25 a share on the 5% Cumulative Preferred Shares and $1.37 a share on the 5½% Cumulative Preferred Shares of the Company payable October 1, 1941 to shareholders of said classes of record at the close of business on September 2, 1941; also a quarterly dividend of Fifteen cents ($.15) a share on the Common Shares of this Company outstanding at the close of business on September 2, 1941, payable on September 30, 1941, to shareholders of said class of record at the close of business on September 2, 1941.

Cheques will be mailed. Stock transfer books will not close.

J. R. BIRKETT
Secretary

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FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

DIVIDEND No. 55

The Board of Directors has declared a cash dividend of twenty-five cents ($.25) per share, payable on all of the outstanding shares of the company on September 27, 1941, to shareholders of record at the close of business September 6, 1941.

D. B. GREIG,
Secretary.

Windsor, Ont.
August 27, 1941.

THE B. GREENING WIRE COMPANY LIMITED

COMMON DIVIDEND NO. 16

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a meeting of the Directors of The B. Greening Wire Company, Limited, held in the office of the company on August 28th, 1941 a dividend of Fifteen cents per share on the Common Shares of the Company has been declared payable October 1st, 1941 to shareholders of record September 15th, 1941.

F. J. MAW,
Secretary.

Hamilton, Ont., August 28, 1941.

CANADIAN WIREBOUND BOXES LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

Take Notice that the Directors of the Company have declared a dividend of fifty cents (50c) per share on account of arrears on the class "A" shares of the Company, payable October 1st, 1941, to shareholders of record the close of business September 15th, 1941.

By order of the Board,

J. P. BERNEY,
Secretary.

Toronto, August 27th, 1941.

PRESTON EAST DOME MINES, LIMITED
(No Personal Liability)
DIVIDEND NO. 8.

NOTICE is hereby given that the regular quarterly dividend of five cents per share has been declared on the issued Capital Stock of the Company, payable in Canadian funds, October 15th, 1941, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th day of September, 1941.

By Order of the Board.

L. I. HALL,
Secretary.

Toronto, August 20th, 1941.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA
NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

A dividend of Two Dollars per share has been declared payable on the 15th day of October, 1941 to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 23rd of September, 1941.

F. G. WEBBER,
Secretary

Montreal, August 27, 1941.

GOLD & DROSS

NATIONAL STEEL CAR

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would like to get your highly valued opinion on the stock of National Steel Car Corporation. I am holding some of it and think I should keep on doing so although I have been advised to sell. What do you think?

—B. B. E., Toronto, Ont.

I think you're acting wisely in holding your National Steel Car common. The earnings outlook is encouraging and a reasonably attractive dividend rate should be maintained.

With the bulk of the company's facilities producing war material both for Canada and Great Britain, it is estimated that operations in the year ended June 30, 1941, were on a scale practically double that of the previous year and it is quite possible that they reached a level unprecedented in the company's history.

Earnings for the period will probably be in the neighborhood of $6 per share, as against $2.64 in the year ended June 30, 1940, $3.59 in 1939 and $9.28 in 1938. As you know, a $2-per-share dividend has been paid in each of the last four years. Under normal conditions, operations on the scale at which the company has been working would have caused profits to skyrocket, but excess profits and income taxes, reduction in the prices of the commodities the company is producing and increases in wages during the past fiscal year have tended to dull the rise.

National Steel Car's Malton plant is being enlarged—from floor space of 360,000 square feet to 750,000 square feet—at a cost of $2,500,000. The company's financial position has improved greatly in the past three years, despite a much heavier burden of taxes.

CANADA PACKERS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

From time to time I have seen boosts in your column for Canada Packers and on the strength of your say-so, bought some of the stock. Now I see that the company's earnings are off. Should I worry about this?

—W. H. N., Vancouver, B.C.

No, I don't think so. Although net in the year ended March 27, 1941, fell to $7.78 per share from $8.34 in the previous fiscal period, you must remember that various governments benefitted handsomely from Canada Packers' operations and that the company was more liberal in the payment of employes' bonuses than in the previous year. Income and other taxes amounted to $7.88 per share in the year ended March 27, 1941, against $5.95 in the preceding year, while employes' bonuses took an amount equivalent to $3.59 against $2.75 per share a year earlier.

So that I would say the stock still had appeal as a reasonably reliable source of income.

Exports of meats and cheese to Great Britain will be maintained in coming months, despite increasing shipments from the United States.

WOOD-CADILLAC

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I hold a few shares of Wood-Cadillac Mines, but have heard nothing about it for some time. Can you tell me briefly what the present situation is?

R. C., Granby, Quebec.

Directors of Wood-Cadillac Mines announced plans in June for a program of deeper development, and it was also reported that mill tonnage had been reduced in an endeavor to stop the decline in the grade of ore. Work commenced in June on the sinking of a winze from the 500-foot level and the proposed plan is to open the 1,000-foot horizon first.

J. E. Grant, president, stated it was regrettable that this major development should be necessary before the debt to Mill Builders was reduced, but the sinking of the winze and other exploration of the property was essential to the future of the mine; and by sinking at this time it was hoped that more places will be available from which to draw and regulate ore to the mill. He also stated, unfortunately, in March last recoveries of bullion became somewhat disappointing and this condition continued throughout April. As a result the winze sinking decision has been made. It is hoped that the sinking and development program can be financed from current operations, and rigid economies have been put into effect.

The company as at April 30, 1941, was indebted to Mill Builders, Ltd., for over $204,000, part of the advance for construction of the mill and development of the property. Mill Builders still feel that the property has merit and are advancing $25,000, for the present depth development.

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BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

The CYCLICAL or major direction of the New York stock market was confirmed as downward in early May, 1940. The SHORT-TERM movement was confirmed as upward on June 12.

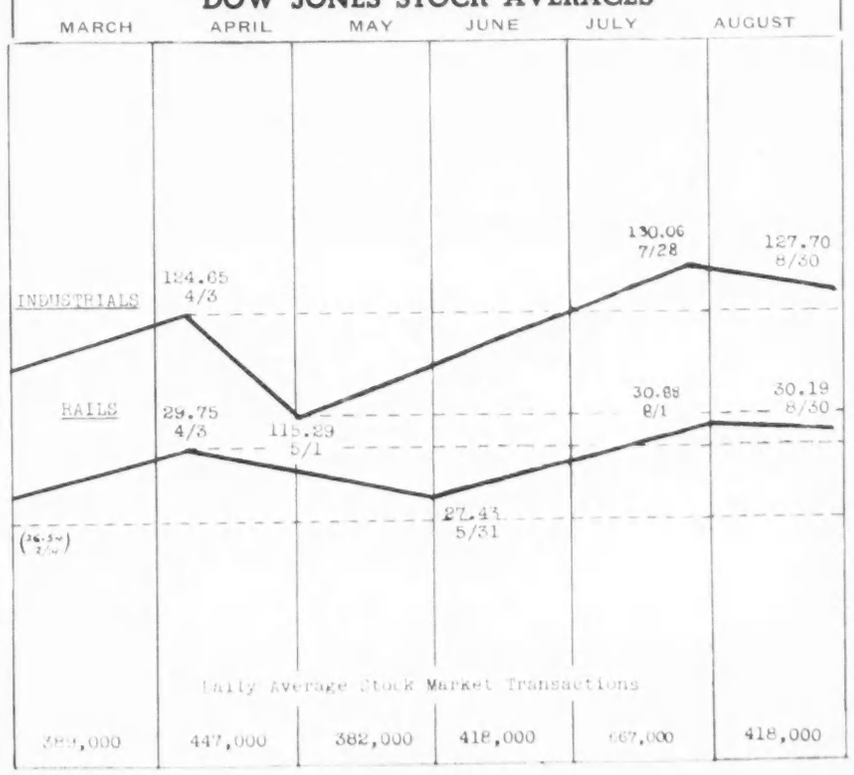
OPPOSING FORCES IN BALANCE

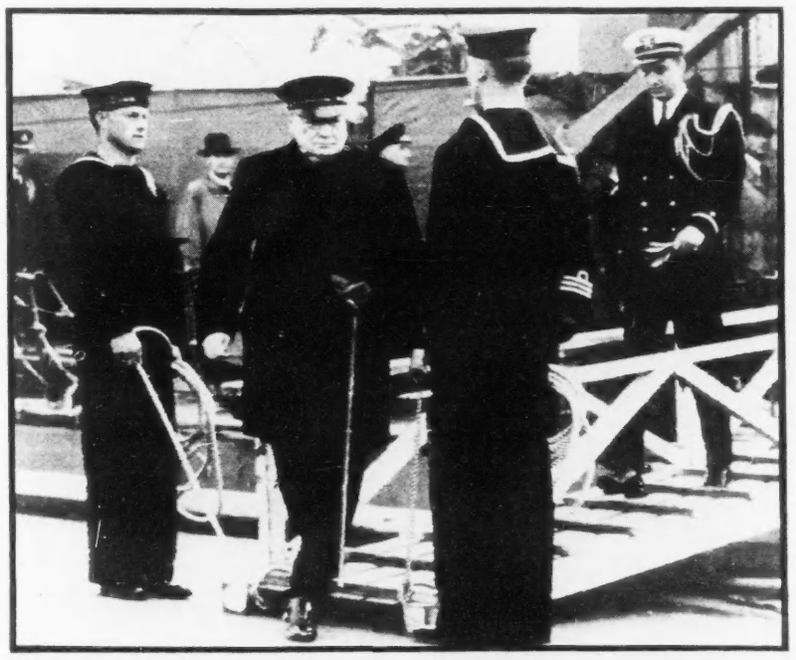
Rapidly rising business activity and rising commodity prices have been exerting and continue to exert a bullish effect on the stock market. On the other hand, rising wages and taxes accompanied by rationing and price fixing are exerting a bearish effect. These two opposing forces have been approximately in balance over the current year, with the result that the New York market has swung in a range of some fifteen points or 10% on the Dow-Jones industrial average, lower limits of the range being around 115; upper limits, around 130.

IN POSITION TO REACT MARKEDLY

It is difficult to see any intimate change in the above situation. However, ability of the railroad and industrial averages some weeks back to move above a trading range or line formation of a number of months' duration at least furnishes evidence that investment accumulation has been proceeding in the market and that the technical position is relatively sound. Under the circumstances the market, while not entirely insensitive to adverse developments on the European war front, may be regarded as in position to react rather markedly to any favorable turn affecting Anglo-Saxon war fortunes.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES





On the way home from his historic Atlantic meeting with President Franklin Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill stopped off in Iceland. Above: followed by Ensign Franklin Roosevelt, Jr., he lands at Reykjavik. Below: Churchill salutes the Stars and Stripes and the marine flag. On the island the Prime Minister inspected both British and American troops.

ABOUT INSURANCE

Modern Group Cover at Low Cost

BY GEORGE GILBERT

While it is true that those in the higher wage or salary brackets can probably take care of their needs for insurance protection through individual policies, when we go beyond them to the vast army of workers who earn a bare living, the problem must be met by some mass or wholesale plan.

Those who are familiar with the various forms of group insurance believe that their greater use would provide a solution for some of the principal problems facing the working portion of the population by furnishing them with life insurance, accident, sickness, hospitalization and surgical benefits at very low cost.

GROUP plans for the protection of employees in the case of accident, sickness or death are a comparatively recent development in the history of insurance. At first, various types of employee benefit plans were developed which aimed to give a definite measure of protection designed in a manner to preserve the self-respect of the beneficiaries.

These early employee benefit plans operated on the principle of self-insurance. They usually lacked actuarial guidance, and in time many of them ran into difficulties. Their sponsors then turned more and more to actuaries and insurance companies for advice and guidance, with the result that group insurance as we know it today came into existence.

Of late years there has been a great expansion of soundly devised and operated group plans. They have expanded both in the scope of the benefits provided and in the number of employees covered. It has been aptly said, that by providing a measure of security on a basis which involves no loss of self-respect on the part of the individual, such plans have become an important element in maintaining not only good industrial relations but also that faith and confidence in the existing order on which the democratic spirit thrives.

One of the most modern plans of group life, accident and sickness cover, recently put into effect by a large Canadian manufacturing establishment, provides life insurance, accidental death and dismemberment benefits, weekly accident and sickness indemnity, hospitalization and surgical benefits for the employee, while it also provides hospitalization benefits for the wife and children of the employee. The services of a visiting nurse are likewise available to the employee and his insured dependents.

Further, there is a disability provision under which the insured employee, if he becomes totally and permanently disabled as a result of either sickness or accident before he reaches age sixty will receive the total amount of his life insurance in either a lump sum or in installments. In addition to the other causes of total and permanent disability, the entire and irrecoverable loss of the sight of both eyes, or the use of both hands or both feet, or the use of one hand and one foot, will be considered as total and permanent disability.

Following termination of employment, the life insurance remains in force for thirty-one days. Within this thirty-one day period, the employee, by making application to the insurance company issuing the group policy, may convert his group insurance to an individual life insurance policy on any regular whole life or endowment plan at the insurance company's regular rates, and without being required to undergo a medical examination.

Under the accidental death and dismemberment provision, benefits are provided for the accidental loss of life, limbs and sight, excluding losses resulting from occupational accidents. The full principal sum is payable for the accidental loss of life, both feet, both hands, one hand and one foot, one hand and sight of one eye, one foot and sight of one eye, sight of both eyes. One-half the principal sum is payable for the accidental loss of one hand, one foot, or the sight of one eye.

Weekly Indemnity

Under the sickness and accident provision, a weekly benefit is payable while the employee is prevented from working as a result of a non-occupational accident or a disease for which benefits are not payable under the Workmen's Compensation Act. The weekly benefit commences on the fourth day of disability, and benefits are payable for a maximum period of thirteen weeks for any one disability. If disability is due to pregnancy, the maximum period of payment is six weeks.

Weekly benefits are payable for as many separate and distinct periods of disability as may occur, except that if the employee is age sixty or over not more than thirteen weeks' benefits are payable for sickness during any twelve consecutive months. It is not necessary for the employee to be confined to his home to collect benefits, but a doctor's certificate is required. When benefits have been paid for the maximum period, the accident and sickness insurance terminates, but the employee again becomes eligible for coverage as soon as he returns to active work.

Under the hospital benefit provision, the employee is paid the daily benefit of from $3 to $6, according to the amount for which he is insured, while he is confined in the hospital as a result of a non-occupational accident or a disease for which benefits are not payable under the Workmen's Compensation Act. These benefits are payable for a maximum period of seventy days for any one disability. If hospital confinement is due to pregnancy, the maximum period of payment is fourteen days.

Also covered are the actual charges incurred while confined in the hospital, for operating room, anaesthetics, laboratory service and X-rays up to an aggregate total for any one disability of five times the employee's rate of daily benefit. For instance, if his daily benefit is $3, he will be entitled to a maximum payment of $15 for these services during any one disability. To collect these benefits the employee must be confined for at least eighteen consecutive hours in a legally constituted hospital and be under the care of a doctor.

Under the surgical benefits provision, amounts are payable according to a schedule attached to the policy for any operation resulting from a non-occupational accident or a disease for which benefits are not payable under the Workmen's Compensation Act. If the actual charges of the surgeon are less than the amount shown in the schedule, only the actual charges will be paid. If several operations are required, payment will be made for each, but not more than $150 will be paid for all operations during any one disability.

Hospital Benefits

Under the provision of hospital benefits for dependents, reimbursement is provided for the charge made by the hospital for board and room up to an amount of from $3 to $6, according to the amount of insurance, for each day the dependent is confined in the hospital. The maximum amount payable for any one disability is 31 times the amount of daily benefit. Reimbursement is also provided for all charges, other than for board and room, made by the hospital and incurred while the dependent is actually confined in the hospital, up to a maximum of five times the amount of daily benefit.

If the average weekly earnings of the employee are less than $27, he will be covered for $1,000 life insurance, $1,000 accident and dismemberment insurance, $12 weekly accident and sickness indemnity, a daily hospital benefit of $3 for himself $3 for each dependent, and a maximum surgical benefit of $150. If the employee has no dependents, his weekly contribution to the cost will be 40 cents, if he has one dependent, 45 cents, and if two or more dependents, 50 cents.

If the average weekly earnings are greater, the amount of the insurance provided is correspondingly greater up to a maximum of $6,000 life insurance and $6,000 accident and dismemberment insurance, $40 weekly accident and sickness indemnity, a daily hospital benefit of $6 for himself and $6 for each dependent, and a maximum surgical benefit of $150 in the case of employees earning $60 a week and over. If they have no dependents their weekly contribution will be $1.65, if they have one dependent, $1.75 and if two or more dependents, $1.85.

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Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, London, Winnipeg, Calgary and Vancouver.

Anxious to protect their one open flank in the Near East as well as secure the country's rich oil resources, combined British and Russian forces marched into Iran last week. After four days of token fighting, resistance collapsed and Iran laid down her arms. The terms: Vital points in Iran would be occupied by Allied troops; Iran's national integrity assured; Allied troops to be withdrawn as soon as conditions permit; Iran to be compensated for loss of life and property; Iran to have police control of nation; Iran guarantees full co-operation on all transport problems; Iran would receive sizeable loan; all Germans to be handed over to Allies. Above: natives of Iran on bullock skin rafts in Euphrates River. Below: part of Iran's oil fields seen from the air.

INQUIRIES

Editor, About Insurance:

A few years ago I insured my life with the Standard Life Assurance Co. largely on its strength and stability and the excellent dividend results. You'll recall their advertising always featured the excellent bonus they had paid for years without interruption.

On the first premium due date after the commencement of the present war I received the following notice: "In view of the war the annual valuation and declaration of bonus which was due to be made as at 15th November, 1939 was postponed. Accordingly the premium stated in this renewal notice falls to be paid in full. When the next Investigation comes to be made, however, any bonus then declared will be adjusted to make allowance for the fact that no bonus has been received on this occasion."

I notice this year's renewal notice also makes no provision for paying a dividend at present. As all other companies both Canadian and American I am insured with are still paying dividends although in some cases slightly reduced, I am wondering if the Standard because of its large amount of British business at home has suffered such losses as to be in financial difficulties.

In short I would appreciate knowing if the Standard is likely from your knowledge of its affairs to be in a position later to make allowance in full or nearly so for the fact that no dividend is being received at present.

R. R. M., Toronto, Ont.

All British life insurance companies whose reports for 1940 have come to hand have evidently adopted a very conservative policy in respect to the declaration of dividends to policyholders during the war. Practically every one which has published the results of its valuation of assets and liabilities has postponed the declaration of a bonus or dividend and only allows interim bonuses or dividends at a very much reduced rate.

While the death losses of British companies due to the war have so far been much lower than expected, it is the uncertainty as to what they will be in the future which causes the companies to pursue their present cautious policy. Unless these death losses show a very material increase before the war comes to an end, the bonuses or dividends of the strong British companies like the Standard Life, with ample reserves even on a 2½ per cent interest basis are not likely to be much affected in the long run, although policyholders may have their bonuses or dividends postponed during the war. In the case of claims arising by death or maturity, the Standard Life, in the early months of the war paid the ordinary rate of intermediate bonus, $21 per $1,000, annual and compound.

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News of the Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

SIGNS accumulate indicative of a change in the attitude of the Canadian government toward gold mining in this country. For some time it has been apparent that Washington considers certain other industries more important than gold mining in its program for defence and war. On the other hand, Ottawa placed gold mining high on the list of war industries. Now comes the indication that Ottawa may be about to follow the lead set by Washington. This situation is revealed in the tendency of the Canadian government to frown upon installation of additional machinery with which to produce more gold.

•

Gold production in the largest possible volume appears to be still desired by Ottawa, but there is an evident desire that this should be accomplished as far as possible with the machinery already installed. The inference gained from this is associated with the thought that the machinery which would ordinarily be used for expansion of gold production should be turned toward the work of producing more nickel and copper and zinc, as well as other base metals required for the big war machine.

•

Gold miners in Canada have been placed in a quandary. They have been encouraged to intensify their efforts toward turning out more gold and making preparation for still greater output. Big development programs have been carried out at heavy cost. Now, on the eve of plans for installing machinery to handle the added ore, they find themselves confronted with the sudden and unexpected change of governmental policy.

•

In the labor controversy at Kirkland Lake some 2,000 miners out of a total of around 4,500 declined to vote. Having in mind that around 1,500 to 1,600 men from the Kirkland Lake field have joined the armed forces of Canada, there can be little doubt but that labor agitators are not generally welcome in the mining area. Under these circumstances the authorities at Ottawa should have no great difficulty in reaching a decision to deal firmly with that element which is attempting to disrupt the even tenor of gold production from the Kirkland Lake mining field.

•

Thompson-Lundmark Gold Mines is the latest Canadian gold producer, the enterprise having commenced milling operations at a rate of 50 tons daily and with plans to gradually increase to 75 tons per day within the next few weeks. The mill is designed for an ultimate rate of 125 tons per day. The property is in the Yellowknife district.

•

McIntyre-Porcupine Mines had $11,224,685 invested in bonds as of March 31st, 1941. Added to this was $7,598,587 invested in stocks and shares of other companies. This has changed somewhat since that time through the purchase of $1,750,000 of the 1941 Victory Loan. The financial rating of the company is therefore high up among the leading Canadian mining enterprises.

•

Little Long Lac Gold is extending sinking operations, having commenced an internal shaft from the present 2,200-foot level. The initial sinking program already commenced will carry the work to 2,800 feet in depth.

•

Leitch Gold Mines made an operating profit of $113,144 during the three months ended June 30. This was reduced to a net profit of $55,478 after making provision for taxes and depreciation.

•

Hard Rock Gold Mines completed installation of milling equipment designed to deal with the free milling ores found in the mine. This will augment production considerably.

•

MacLeod-Cockshutt Gold Mines is among the gold producing companies in line for installation of additional mill equipment. Whether this will be prevented in view of the changing attitude at Ottawa is not yet clear. At the time of writing there is serious doubt over the question of permission to buy the necessary machinery.

•

Champions of gold are facing an unprecedented challenge. Nazidom gave up gold and chose guns instead. America, the British Commonwealth, and other democratic countries scorned the guns and chose gold instead. Now the battle rages. The Hun would destroy gold if he could the Democracies would obliterate the guns. Yet, despite this bald historical fact, the governments of Democracies are found acting as though gold, their one great egg of hope, should be permitted to lie idly and rot within its nest.

•

Chesterville Larder Lake Gold Mining Company reported production of $715,940 during the six months ended June 15. Recovery was $5.82 and costs $3.09. This was before allowing for taxes.

•

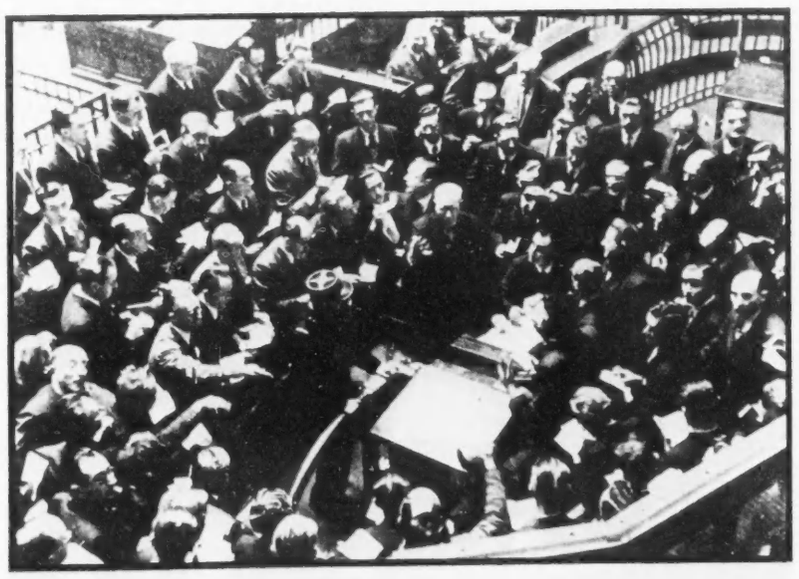
Lake Geneva Mining Company has resumed work on its property in Hess Township. The property has been idle for several years, having been equipped with a small concentrator in 1937 but not having gone into production. The ore is moderately low grade, containing over four per cent lead and 11 per cent zinc.

•

Negus Mines produced $422,184 during the seven months ended July 31. This compared with $478,835 in the corresponding period of 1940. Grade of ore declined from $38.68 to $32.62.

•

Cournor Mining Company, one of the small Quebec producers, reported gold output of $349,514 during the first seven months of 1941 compared with $362,222 in the corresponding period of 1940. Grade of ore was $7.95 per ton compared with $8.54 a year ago.



A scene in the Bourse, Paris stock exchange, which is now in operation. The Bourse was forced to suspend operations before the Nazi invasion.

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Britain's Post-War Trade

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

Now is the time for Britain to begin planning for the problems which will come with peace, says Mr. Layton. The war will undoubtedly alter the trade relations of the U.S. with other countries, and Britain must take care that such alterations are not inevitably dangerous to herself.

A proper balance can be assured only if political and economic factors are properly coordinated. Such a balance is necessary for the welfare of both Europe and America and the time to begin planning it is now.

IT IS right that always during war Britain should not forget that peace must come, and that it will come with its own problems. At this time it is particularly appropriate that attention should have been attracted to the post-war trade problem. For the activities of Russia have shown us a wood where before we saw nothing but trees, and the clear sky beyond the wood; while at the same time we are witnessing drastic adjustments to the world economy which will determine how far we shall be able to put into practice our high intentions to restore international trade.

International trade rests on two bases, one economic and one political, and both dovetailed into each other very intimately. Because of the political imponderable, there can be no pretence at scientific accuracy in an assessment now of what is likely to come afterwards. Trade follows the flag, and most-favored-nation clauses rest as much on political convenience as they do on economic desirability. We could destroy all Germany and still not put paid to the Machievellian Principle of diplomacy which has been the motivating spring of European politics and not only European politics for so long. So ideas founded on the apparently inevitable economic compulsion of the war and the inevitable economic needs of the peace may be seriously upset by the intrusion of the political influence.

But certain lines of probable development may be seen. The first thing which stands out is that the experience of 1914-18 is repeating itself to this extent, that the nations outside the war and there are still some, even if this is a "world war" — are stealing a march on the belligerents. New competition may be expected, and it may compel a defensive program of mutual trade agreements between the co-belligerents. Such a movement would, of course, be highly eclectic, and from it there would emerge trade rivalries within the defensive bloc.

War Economy

But that is looking too far ahead. What is important to understand is that war compels a nation with friends to go all out on making for itself those things which cannot so conveniently be brought from overseas (from the friends), and this process implies that the friendly supplier is asked to make, sell and ship the products for which it is naturally suited. In other words, the natural development of the assistant nation is accelerated while the war-perversion of the accepting belligerent is intensified. This can be seen in the case of Great Britain and the United States. It can be seen, too, in the case of Germany and her satellite suppliers. It is they who will have the last laugh. And with the United States Britain will be compelled to enter into agreements which aim to undo some of what the war has done in altering so radically their mutual trade positions.

This is one way in which the principle of war perpetuates itself when the military fronts are silenced. It perverts, it inflates, it contracts, and the natural and very powerful reaction is against all that it has done. But the process of readjustment is limited by that other factor—the financial one. International trade is oiled by credit and based on a commonly-accepted medium of exchange. Credit itself is finally based on the amount of this medium held by a country because that amount represents its final ability to settle up. This medium is gold, and the grotesque maldistribution of the metal which has been caused by war shipments (for safety as well as for payment) is going to have effects beyond those merely measurable in terms of Treasury statements. It is going to affect the relative credit positions of the big trading nations. So far as the immediate post-war trade situation is concerned, this factor is likely to be submerged by the political one, but it will persist as a pervading influence which will have to find expression in the terms of trading agreements, since it will largely determine relative rates of exchange, and in their scope, since it will have a large bearing on the assumption of final credit-worthiness.

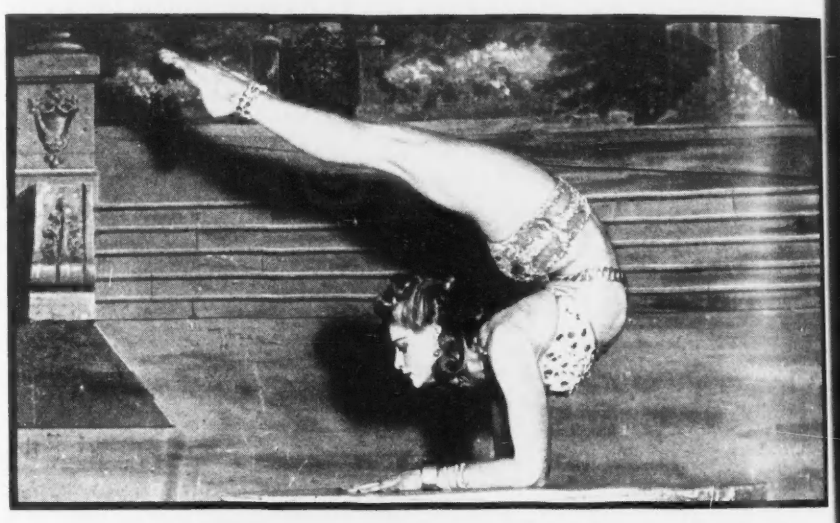
There is in this a very powerful argument for Britain to look to her trade guns as well as to her tanks, but that argument cannot be expected to carry much weight while we remain necessarily convulsed and obsessed with what America calls the "shooting" war. How far the Government is from considering the problem has been shown by the extraordinary development of the industrial "concentration" plan, which expands a plain war necessity into a monstrous economic foolishness in some spheres. But it is a question which should be thought about now, for if we start off with the wrong foot in the post-war trade race, it will be very uphill work getting into the running. And we shall most urgently need to be well in the running.

QUESTION FOR THE SPHINX

YOU, who have
Such gifts within your coffer!
For this pale stain upon my brow
What will you offer,
You, who ask
A soul's vast pain as payment
For the white joy of promise
The touch of
A fold of your raiment?

Toronto, Ont. DIANA SKALA.

Captain T. Y. Benyon, R.A., who is the author and producer of "Go To It", is seen here talking with his stage-manager, Sergeant Philip Merritt, a Royal Command tenor, and a London favorite in light opera and musical comedy; he is the only professional actor in the company. The revue was Captain Benyon's own idea, and was produced by him under difficulties and with almost no capital. He began with a cast of ten men, but now his mobile entertainment unit has had seven girls added to it as well.



Above is Miss Merial Gaunt, star of the British soldiers' revue "Go To It" which is now touring the camps to entertain the troops. Miss Gaunt is one of the seven girls in the show, only three of whom have been professional actresses. Formerly a star at the Coconut Grove and the London Casino, her Slave Dance, in which she is shown here, is one of the most popular numbers in the production. She receives no salary, but just works for her keep, as do the other girls, who are the only civilian members of the cast.

School-Master to Cabinet Minister

BY PETE DEMPSON

FROM a school teacher to Minister of Education in the Saskatchewan Cabinet in less than a month's time is a quick transition, but that is what happened to Hon. Hubert Staines, B.A.

On July 10 Mr. Staines was strolling down the streets of Prince Albert, debating over where he should take his wife and two sons for a short vacation. He felt that a change of scenery would do them all a world of good, for he had just completed his eighth year as history teacher in the Prince Albert Collegiate Institute.

However, Fate intervened before he could make up his mind. That afternoon the first of three quick events that were to change the entire course of his life took place. He was asked by the Liberal party to let his name stand for nomination to the Athabasca constituency, one of Saskatchewan's two far-northern ridings. A by-election was necessary because the sitting member, A. Jules Marion, had died in April.

Mr. Staines agreed and a week later he received the nomination. On July 28 he was elected by acclamation when the nomination deadline passed without the name of another candidate being produced.

That was surprise enough, Mr. Staines thought, but what came eight days afterward was almost too much for him. Summoned to Regina, he was sworn in as Minister of Education on August 4, succeeding Hon. J. W. Estey, K.C., LL.B., who for the past two years held both the education and the attorney-general portfolios. Mr. Estey will now confine his duties to the post of attorney-general.

Mr. Staines is the first professional educationist to hold the education portfolio since 1934.

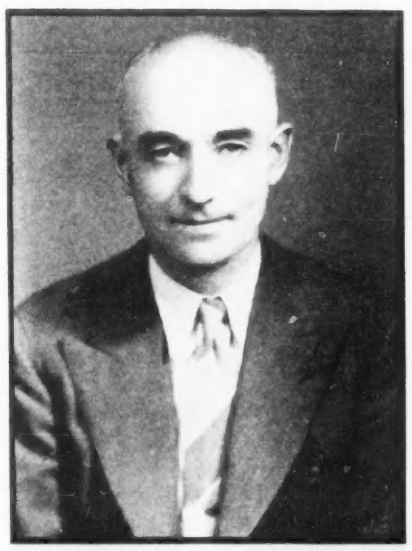
BORN in rural Essex, England, in 1893, Mr. Staines came to Canada in 1913 and for several years worked on farms in the Stoughton and Huntoon districts. Having decided that a good education pays dividends, regardless of where a person may be living, he quit his job as a farm hand and enrolled at Brandon College. After completing his high school course, he answered the call to arms in 1916, and saw service in France with the 11th Field Ambulance Corps.

Demobilization found him back at Brandon College where he completed his arts studies, and was awarded a McMaster's B.A. degree. He then enrolled at the Regina Normal School and graduated in 1924.

From 1924 to 1927 Mr. Staines was professor of Mathematics at Moose Jaw College. Then followed six years as principal of the high school at Rosetown. In 1933 he went to the Prince Albert Collegiate to lecture in history.

The Athabasca by-election was his first venture in the political field, though he has been active in the Liberal Party for some years.

The events of those four weeks are still hazy in Mr. Staines' mind. "I never dreamed things could happen so swiftly," he confided, smiling. "Believe me, there is some truth to that old saying, 'It never rains but . . .'"



Hon. Hubert Staines, B.A., Minister of Education in Saskatchewan.

A MAIDEN'S LAMENT

THEY'RE worrying that I'm getting old,
A spinster left on the shelf. . .
As a matter of fact, if the truth were told
I'm beginning to worry myself!

MAY RICHSTONE.

Captain Benyon's company calls itself "The Blue Pencils" — a hit at the censorship. Here is one of its best comedians, Gunner Wally Spence, who is a chemist in St. Albans in private life, and a member of the Pharmaceutical Society. His act in which he appears as a Policewoman is one of the hits of the revue. Other members of the cast are, in private life, a bank manager, a commercial artist, an insurance agent, a travel agent, a member of the London Stock Exchange — all "Blue Pencils" for the present.